

# *The TLP Hymnal*



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## ***AIR FORCE / RUGBY / DRINKING SONGS***

***...mostly drinking***

### ***AAHLAWETTA***

(Tune: Alouette)

(Unsuspecting female volunteer needed)

#### ***Chorus:***

***Aahlawetta, Shoneton Aahlawetta,  
Aahlawetta, Shoneton Aahlaw-way.***

**Leader: Does she have ze stringy hair?**

**All: Oui, she has ze stringy hair.**

**Leader: Stringy hair,**

**All: Stringy hair,**

**Leader: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah ...**

#### **Chorus**

**Leader: Does she have ze furrowed brow?**

**All: Oui, she has ze furrowed brow,**

**Leader: Furrowed brow,**

**All: Furrowed brow,**

**Leader: Stringy hair,**

**All: Stringy hair,**

**Leader: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah ...**

**Wooden eye (Yes I would!) ...**

**Broken nose ...**

**Two buck teeth ...**

**Double chin ...**

**Swinging tits ...**

**Beer belly ...**

**Bulbous butt ...**

**Bedroom eyes ...**

**Blow job lips ...**

**Tell-tale hole ...**

**Furry thing ...**

**Mack truck cunt ...**

#### **Chorus**

**Leader/all: How I love her (repeat all)**

**ADELINE SCHMIDT**

(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

**There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt,  
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit,  
He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass,  
Then up went the window and out went her ass!**

*Chorus:*

*It was brown, brown, shit all around,  
It was brown, brown, shit all around,  
It was brown, brown, shit all around,  
And the whole world was covered in SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!*

**A handsome young copper was walking his beat,  
He just happened to be on that side of the street,  
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy,  
And a big wad of shit hit him right in HIS EYE!**

**He turned to the east and he turned to the west,  
Then a bloody great turd hit him right on the chest,  
He turned to the north, then he turned to the south,  
And another great turd hit him right in HIS MOUTH!**

**That handsome young copper he cursed and he swore,  
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,  
And beneath London Bridge you can still see him sit,  
With a sign 'round his neck saying BLINDED BY SHIT!**

**THE ALCOHOLIC'S ANTHEM**

(Tune: "Men Of Harlech")

**What's the use of drinking tea  
indulging in sobriety?  
(and) tee-total perversity?  
It's healthier to booze!**

**What's the use of milk and water?  
these are drinks that never oughter  
be allowed in any quarter  
Come on, lose your Blues!**

Mix yourself a Shandy!  
Drown yourself in brandy!  
A Sherry sweet, a Whiskey neat,  
or any kind of likker that is handy!

There's no blinking sense in drinking  
any thing that doesn't make you stinking  
There's no happiness like sinking  
blotto to the floor!

Put an end to all frustration  
drinking may be your salvation  
end it all in dissipation  
rotten to the core!

Abberations metabolic  
Ceilings that are hyperbolic  
these are for the Alcoholic  
lying on the floor!

Vodka for the arty  
Gin, to make you hearty!  
Lemonade was only made  
for drinking if your mother's at the party!

So stay clear of home-made beer  
and anything that isn't labeled "clear"  
There is nothing else to fear!  
Bottoms up, my boys!

#### *ALONG THE NORTHEAST RAILROAD (VIETNAM)*

Along the Northeast Railroad, one bright and sunny day  
By the wreckage of his Thunderchief the young pursuer lay  
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead  
Now listen to the very last words the young pursuer said:

“I’m going to a better land, where everything is right  
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles, play poker every night  
There’s not a fucking thing to do but sit around and sing,  
And chase the pretty poon-tang, o death where is thy sting?  
O death where is thy sting? O death where is thy sting?  
The bells of Hell may ring-a-ling-a-ling, for you but not for me.  
O ring-a-ling, a-ring-ring, blow it out your ass,

O ring-a-ling, a-ring-ring, blow it out your ass,  
O ring-a-ling, a-ring-ring, blow it out your ass,  
Better days are coming by and by, o shit!"

*ALWAYS LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE*  
(Monty Python)

Some things in life are bad;  
They can really make you mad.  
Other things just make you swear and curse.  
When you're chewing on life's gristle,  
Don't grumble, give a whistle!  
And this'll help things turn out for the best...  
And...

... always look on the bright side of life! (whistle)  
Always look on the bright side of life...  
If life seems jolly rotten,  
There's something you've forgotten!  
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing.  
When you're feeling in the dumps,  
Don't be silly chumps,  
Just purse your lips and whistle -- that's the thing!

And... always look on the bright side of life... (whistle)  
Always look on the bright side of life... (whistle)  
For life is quite absurd,  
And death's the final word.  
You must always face the curtain with a bow!  
Forget about your sin -- give the audience a grin,  
Enjoy it -- it's the last chance anyhow!

So always look on the bright side of death!  
Just before you draw your terminal breath.  
Life's a piece of shit,  
When you look at it.  
Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true,  
You'll see it's all a show,  
Keep 'em laughing as you go.  
Just remember that the last laugh is on you!

And always look on the bright side of life... (whistle)  
Always look on the bright side of life... (whistle)

## ***AMERICAN BEER***

(Tune: American Pie)

A long, long time ago  
I can still remember how my first beer made me wanna die.  
If I had any common sense  
I would live in abstinence,  
then maybe I'd be fit and satisfied.  
But growing up was so much cooler  
when the keg was that much fuller,  
bad news in the toilet--  
but nothing seemed to spoil it.  
I can't remember how I chugged  
Budweiser from a gallon jug,  
and finished off another mug  
the day I hit my stride.

### ***Chorus:***

*So three cheers for American beer,  
I can kill a keg of Miller or a case of Ranier,  
let the Euro-trash laugh and ask themselves why,  
but I'll drink it 'till the day that I die,  
drink it 'till the day that I die.*

Did you ever do a beer bong,  
and guzzle it down 'till a liter's gone?  
Just try that with Theakston's strong.  
Oh, do you believe in warning labels,  
or do you party when you're able,  
and can you teach me how to dance on the table?  
Well I know the English laugh at me  
when they see me drinking MGD;  
they say it's next to water,  
but you can't chug bitter or porter!  
I'm a yankee-doodle and I got no class  
I drink beer from a plastic glass  
but buddy, don't make me kick your ass  
the day I hit my stride.

I started singing (chorus):

Irishmen snicker and call it cute  
when I throw a Michelob down the chute;  
but I couldn't care the less.

Call us uncultured, call us boors,  
call out for another round of Coors,  
and when the beer muscles flex, we'll put you to the test--  
Well I'd like to see you drink as many  
liters of Guinness or Kilkenny  
they may be darker and thicker,  
but they can't top Schlitz Malt Liquor!  
I have a taste for Irish stout, it's true,  
but it's shyte to a can of Red, White, and Blue;  
for pure ingestion nothing else will do  
the day I hit my stride.

And there we were all in one place  
a generation totally shit-faced,  
but that's how it ought to be.  
So Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,  
Jack missed the toilet when he got sick  
and when he returned, Jack got sick on me!  
Well I know the Germans much prefer  
their hefe-weizen and Munchener,  
but you keep your bock and Paulaner  
*Ich bin ein Amerikaner!*  
They call me low-brow, barbarian, crude  
to drink what Anheuser-Busch has brewed,  
but oh, what medicine for the mood,  
the day I hit my stride.

We went to a Belgian abbey with bibs on  
and asked for a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon,  
and the monks got most upset.  
Pilferage, sacrilige, pass it around  
then we shouted out for another round,  
something I later came to regret--  
Well, the brewing brothers got really pissed,  
and made the sign of the cross with fists,  
We all got up to fight,  
oh, but we couldn't stand upright!  
While the Belgians sipped their lambic ale,  
the rest of us ended up in jail.  
Do you recall who posted bail,  
the day I hit my stride.

*(slowly)*  
I met a girl who looked to me  
a beer-inspired fantasy,

she just smiled and slapped my face.  
So I stammered, staggered, start to stutter,  
fell face-first into the gutter,  
but the man there said to get out of his space.  
And in the streets the bottles flew  
the cops arrived and the lightweights spewed  
but no one really watched us  
they all passed out unconscious.  
And the things I take for granted least--  
barley, hops, and brewer's yeast--  
will serve me up a liquid feast  
the day I hit my stride.  
And I'll be singing...

*Three cheers for American beer,  
I can kill a keg of Miller or a case of Ranier,  
let the Europeans laugh and speculate why,  
but I'll drink it 'till the day that I die,  
drink it 'till the day that I die.*

#### **THE ANCIENT AND OLD IRISH CONDOM**

(Tune: "Rosin the Beau")

I was up to me arse in the muck, Sir,  
with a peat contract down in the bog  
When me shovel it struck something hard, Sir,  
that I thought was a rock or a log

T'was a box of the finest old oak, Sir,  
T'was a foot long, and four inches wide  
and not giving a damn for the Fairies  
I just took a quick look inside

Now I opened the lid of this box, Sir,  
and I swear that my story is true  
T'was an ancient and old Irish condom  
A relic of Brian Boru

*T'was an ancient and old Irish condom  
a foot long and made of elk hide,  
With a little gold tag on it's end, Sir,  
with his name, rank, and stud fee inscribed*



Now, I cast me mind back thru the ages  
To the days of that horny old Celt  
With his wife lyin' by on the bed, Sir,  
As he stood by the fire in his pelt

And I thought that I heard Brian whisper  
As he stood in the fire's rosy light  
"Well, you've had yer own way long enough, dear...  
'Tis the hairy side outside, tonight."

*T'was an ancient and old Irish condom  
a foot long and made of elk hide,  
With a little gold tag on it's end, Sir,  
with his name, rank, and stud fee inscribed*

***ANTHEM OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN KILTED YAKSMEN***  
***(Ren & Stimpy)***

Our country reeks of trees,  
Our yaks are really large,  
And they smell like rotting beef carcasses.  
And we have to clean-up after them,  
And our saddle sores are the best.  
We proudly wear women's clothing  
And searing sand blows up our skirts.  
And buzzards, they soar overhead  
And poisonous snakes devour us whole,  
Our bones will bleach in the sun.  
And we will probably go to hell  
And that is our great reward  
For being the-uh-roy-yal  
Canadian kilted yaksmen.

***BALL GAME***

(Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game)

Whip it out at the ball game,  
Wave it 'round at the crowd,  
Dip it in jello and Crackerjack,  
I don't care if you give it a whack,  
'Cause it's--  
Beat your meat at the ball game,  
If you can't, whatta a shame,

For it's one, two,  
And you're covered in goo,  
At the old ball game!

### ***BALLAD OF THE QUEEN BERETS***

(Tune: Ballad of the Green Berets)

Falling fairies from the sky,  
I broke a nail, Oh I could cry.  
Don't you like how my tushy sways?  
We are the fags of the Queen Berets.

Bill Clinton's words upon my ears,  
"You fags have rights, be proud my dears."  
I once was scared, now I'm okay,  
Cause I'm a fag in the Queen Berets.

Put silver ear clips on my nuts,  
I love the pain, now spank my butt.  
The way you walk is awfully cute,  
I sure would like to pack your chute!

This Army stuff is really slick,  
Free meals and clothes and lots of dicks.  
When I retire, I still get paid,  
We thank you, Bill, from the Queen Berets.

### ***THE BALLS OF O'LEARY***

The Balls of O'Leary  
Are wrinkled and hairy,  
They're stately and shapely  
Like the dome of St. Paul's.  
The women all muster  
To see that great cluster,  
Oh, they stand and they stare  
At the mighty red pair  
Of O'Leary's Balls!

### ***THE BANKS OF THE ROSES***

*Chorus: On the banks of the roses my love and I sat down*

*And I took out a fiddle for to play my love a tune  
In the middle of the tune, oh, she sighed and she said  
Young Johnny, lovely Johnny, would you leave me?*

When I was just a young lad, I heard my father say  
I'd sooner see you dead and buried in the clay  
Rather than be married to any runaway  
On the lovely sweet banks of the roses.

Oh, then I am a runaway and soon I'll let you know  
That I can drink a bottle and drink with anyone  
And if her father doesn't like me, he can keep his daughter home  
Then Johnny will go roving with another.

If ever I get married 'twill be in the month of May  
When the leaves they are green and the meadows they are gay  
And me and my true love will sit and sport and play  
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses.

#### ***THE BANTAM COCK***

He was a fine upstanding bantam-cock  
So brisk, and stiff, and spry...  
With a springy step, and a jaunty plume,  
And a purposeful look in his eye  
In his little black laughing eye!

So I took him to the coop and introduced him to  
My seventeen wide-eyed hens  
And he tupp'd and he tupp'd as a hero tupp's,  
And he bowed to them all, and then,  
He up and took 'em all again!

Then upon the peace of my ducks and geese  
He boldly did intrude  
And with glazed eyes and opened mouths  
They bore him with fortitude...  
And a little bit of gratitude!

He jumped my giggling guinea-fowl!  
He thrust his attentions upon  
Twenty hysterical turkeys,  
And a visiting migrant swan!  
And the bantam thundered on!

He groped my fan-tail pigeon doves,  
My lily-white Columbine,  
And as I was lookin' at me budgerigar,  
He jumped my parrot from behind!  
And it was sittin' on me shoulder at the time!

But all of a sudden, with a gasp and a gulp,  
He clapped his wings to his head!  
He lay flat on his back with his feet in the air;  
My bantam-cock was dead!  
And the vultures circled overhead!

What a noble beast! What a champion cock!  
What a way to live and die!  
As I dug him a grave to protect his bones,  
From those hungry buzzards in the sky,  
The bantam opened up his eyes!

He gave me a wink, and a terrible grin,  
The way that rapists do....  
He said, "Do you see them silly daft buggers up there?  
They'll be down in a minnit 'er two!  
They'll be down in a minnit 'er two!"

### ***BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR***

Who's that knocking at my door?  
Who's that knocking at my door?  
Who's that knocking at my door?  
Cried the fair young maiden.

It's only me from across the sea,  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Why are you knocking at my door?  
'Cos I'm young enough and ready and rough.

You can sleep upon the floor.  
Oh get off the floor, you dirty old whore.

You can sleep upon the mat.  
Oh bugger the mat, you can't fuck that.

You can sleep on the stairs.  
Oh bugger the stairs they ain't got hairs.

You can sleep between my tits.  
Oh bugger your tits, they give me the shits.

You can sleep between my thighs.  
Oh bugger your thighs, they're covered with flies.

You can sleep within my cunt.  
Oh bugger your cunt, but I'll fuck for a stunt.

What will we do when the baby's born?  
Oh we'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

### ***BESTIALITY'S BEST***

(Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys)

*Chorus: Bestiality's best, boys,  
Bestiality's best  
Bestiality's best, boys,  
Bestiality's best.*

Tie me wallaby down, boys,  
Tie me wallaby down,  
You can't fuck him when he's jumping around, boys,  
So tie me wallaby down.

Change your luck with a duck, Chuck,  
Change your luck with a duck,  
A duck's a marvellous fuck, Chuck,  
So change your luck with a duck.

A drake's the best all around, mate,  
A drake's the best all around,  
Its entry's surrounded by down, mate,  
A drake's the best all around.

A camel's a hell of a lay, Kay,  
A camel's a hell of a lay,  
Humping the hump, as they say, Kay,  
A camel's a hell of a lay.

A moose is no bloody use, Bruce,

A moose is no bloody use,  
She's big, she's mean, and she's loose, Bruce,  
A moose is no bloody use.

You can shoot your load in a toad, dude,  
You can shoot your load in a toad,  
If there's nothing else to be rode, dude,  
You can shoot your load in a toad.

Me wife was raped by an ape, Nate,  
Me wife was raped by an ape,  
She's in marvellous sexual shape, Nate,  
Ever since she was raped by an ape.

A rhino's a hell of a treat, Pete,  
A rhino's a hell of a treat,  
The horniest thing on four feet, Pete,  
A rhino's a hell of a treat.

A mongoose is no piece of cake, Jake,  
A mongoose is no piece of cake,  
He'll attack your one-eyed snake, Jake,  
A mongoose is no piece of cake.

You can come again in a hen, men,  
You can come again in a hen,  
When you've had everything else in the pen, men,  
You can come again in a hen.

I tried to roger a badger, boys,  
I tried to roger a badger,  
A badger's a hell of a dodger, boys,  
You just can't roger a badger.

You can go the course on a horse, Morris,  
You can go the course on a horse,  
There's lots of animals worse, Morris,  
You can go the course on a horse.

You can try your log in a frog, boys,  
You can try your log in a frog,  
If it's the only thing in the bog, boys,  
You can try your log in a frog.

You can stick your pole in a mole, Cole,

**You can stick your pole in a mole,  
If your pole's incredibly small, Cole,  
You can stick your pole in a mole.**

**You can try to screw a red 'roo, Lou,  
You can try to screw a red 'roo,  
Be careful it doesn't screw you, Lou,  
When you try to screw a red 'roo.**

**An ostrich can give you a ride, Clyde,  
An ostrich can give you a ride,  
When you get your weapon inside, Clyde,  
An ostrich's a real wild ride.**

**Screwing a turtle's a lark, Mark,  
Screwing a turtle's a lark,  
If you've got foreskin like bark, Mark,  
Then screwing a turtle's a lark.**

**A gator is tricky to boff, Toff,  
A gator is tricky to boff,  
Wrong end and you'll get it bit off, Toff,  
A gator is tricky to boff.**

**Any old beast for a fuck, Chuck,  
Any old beast for a fuck,  
Even an Irishman's luck, Chuck,  
When you need a beast for a fuck.**

**Put your log up a dog, Claude,  
Put your log up a dog,  
Don't you fancy a dog, Claude,  
Put your log up a dog, 'cause . . .**

### ***BIG BAMBOO***

(Tune: Working For the Yankee Dollar)

**I asked my lady what should I do,  
To make her happy, not make her blue,  
She said, "The only thing I want from you,  
Is a little bitty of the big bamboo."**

**Chorus: She wanted the big bamboo, bamboo,  
Eye eye-eye eye-eye-eye,**

Working for the Yankee dollar.

So I gave her a coconut,  
She said, "I like him, he's okay,  
But there's just one thing that worries me,  
What good are the nuts without the tree?"

So I sold my lady a banana plant,  
She said, "I like him, he's elegant,  
We should not let him go to waste,  
But he's much too soft to suit my taste."

So I bought my lady a sugar cane,  
The fruit of fruits, I did explain,  
But she was tired of him very quick,  
She said, "I'd rather get my lips around your dip stick."

So I gave my honey a rambutan,  
Soft and prickly, how the juices ran,  
She said, "I've seen a fruit like this before,  
But it had a long stalk and two pips in the core."

She met a chinaman, Him Hung Low,  
They got married, went to Mexico,  
But she divorced him very quick,  
She said, "I want bamboo, not chopstick."

### ***BIG STRONG MAN***

Have you heard about the big strong man?  
He lives in a caravan  
Have you heard about the Jeffrey Johnson fight?  
Lord what a hell of a fight  
Well you can take all the heavyweights you've got (what ye got?)  
We got a lad who can beat the whole lot  
He used to work here as a doorman  
Now he's gonna fight the foreman

*That's my brother, Sylvest (what's he got?)  
A row of forty medals on his chest (big chest!)  
He killed fifty barmen in the West  
He knows no rest—bigger the man, hell's fire don't push (just shove)  
Plenty o'room for you and me  
He's got an arm like a leg (a lady's leg)*



*And a punch that would sink a battle ship (big ship!)*  
*It takes all the army and the navy*  
*To take the wind of Sylvest*

**Well, he thought he'd take a trip to Italy**  
**He thought that he'd go by the sea**  
**He jumped off the harbour in New York**  
**And he swam like a man from Cork**  
**He saw the Lusitania in distress (so what'd he do?)**  
**He put the Lusitania on his chest (big chest!)**  
**He drank all the water in the sea**  
**And he walked all the way to Italy**

*That was my brother, Sylvest (what's he got?)*  
*A row of forty medals on his chest (big chest!)*  
*He killed fifty barmen in the West*  
*He knows no rest—bigger the man, hell's fire don't push (just shove)*  
*Plenty o'room for you and me*  
*He's got an arm like a leg (a lady's leg)*  
*And a punch that would sink a battle ship (big ship!)*  
*It takes all the army and the navy*  
*To take the bra off Mae West*

**Well, he thought he'd take a trip to old Japan**  
**They turned out the whole brass band**  
**He played every instrument they'd got—**  
**Like a lad, sure he beat the whole lot!**  
**Now the old church bells will ring (Hell's Bells!)**  
**The old church choir will sing (Hell's Choir!)**  
**They all turned out to say farewell,**  
**To my big brother Sylvest.**

*That was my brother, Sylvest (what's he got?)*  
*A row of forty medals on his chest (big chest!)*  
*He killed fifty barmen in the West*  
*He knows no rest—bigger the man, hell's fire don't push (just shove)*  
*Plenty o'room for you and me*  
*He's got an arm like a leg (a lady's leg)*  
*And a punch that would sink a battle ship (big ship!)*  
*It takes all the army and the navy*  
*To take the wind of Sylvest*

### **BIRTHDAY SONG**

(Tune: Happy Birthday to You)

Happy birthday, fuck you,  
Happy birthday, fuck you,  
Happy birthday, you asshole,  
Happy birthday, fuck you.

***BITCH A DOG***

(Tune: Do, Re, Mi)

Bitch, a dog, a female dog,  
Itch, a place for you to scratch,  
Hitch, I pull my knickers up,  
Grab, another word for snatch,  
Bath, a place for making gin,  
Sex, another word for sin,  
Prick, a needle going in,  
And that will bring us back to  
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch . . .

***BONDI PIER***

I was down on Bondi Pier, sipping tubes of ice-cold beer  
With a bucket full of prawns upon my knee  
When I finished the last prawn, I had a technocolor yawn  
And I chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

*Chorus: Drink it up (drink it up, drink it up)  
Bring it up (bring it up, bring it up)  
Crack another dozen tubes of beer with me  
If you want to throw your voice, mate you haven't any choice  
But to chunder in the old Pacific Sea.*

I was swimming through the surf when a mate of mine called Merv  
Asked if he could have a tube or two with me  
He had hardly finished it when he went for the big spit  
And he chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

I've had liquid laughs in bars, and I've hurled from moving cars  
And I've chundered where and when it suited me  
But if I had to choose the spot to regurgitate the lot  
Then I'd chunder in the old Pacific Sea.

***BONNIE LASS OF FYFIE***

There once was a troop of Irish dragoons  
Come marching down thru Fyfie, O  
And the captain fell in love with a very bonnie lass  
And the name she was called was pretty Peggy-o

*Chorus: O come down the stairs, Pretty Peggy, my dear  
Come down the stairs, Pretty Peggy-o  
Come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair  
Bid a last farewell to your mammy-o*

There's many a bonnie lass in the glen of Auchterlass  
There's many a bonnie lass in Gairloch-o  
There's many a bonnie Jean in the streets of Aberdeen  
But the flower of them all lives in Fyvie, O

It's braw, aye it's braw, a captain's lady for to be  
And it's braw to be a captain's lady-o  
It's braw to ride around and to follow the camp  
And to ride when your captain he is ready-o

O I'll give you ribbons, love, and I'll give you rings  
I'll give you a necklace of amber-o  
I'll give you a silken petticoat with flounces to the knee  
If you'll convey me doon to your chamber-o

I never did intend a soldier's lady for to be  
A soldier never shall enjoy me-o  
I never did intend to gae tae a foreign land  
A soldier never will I marry-o

I'll drink nae more o your claret wine  
I'll drink nae more o your glasses-o  
Tomorrow is the day when we maun ride away  
So farewell tae your Fyvie lasses-o

The colonel he cried, mount, mount, boys, mount  
The captain, he cried, we'll tarry-o  
O tarry yet a while, just another day or twa  
Til I see if the bonnie lass will marry-o

Twass in the early morning, when we marched awa  
And O but the captain he was sorry-o  
The drums they did beat a merry brasselgeicht  
And the band played the bonnie lass of Fyvie, O

Long ere we came to the glen of Auchterlass  
We had our captain to carry-o  
And long ere we won into the streets of Aberdeen  
We had our captain to bury-o

Green grow the birks on bonnie Ethanside  
And low lie the lowlands of Fyvie, O  
The captain's name was Tuck and he died for a maid  
He died for the bonny lass of Fyvie, O

***BOOM, OOOH, YAKATATA***

(Tune: Will You Kiss Me Tonight)

*Chorus (continuously): Boom, oooh, yakatata*

Will you miss me tonight when I'm gone?  
Will you go to bed with your see-through nightie on?  
Will you reach out for your little plastic friend,  
Put some baby oil around it's throbbing end?  
Will you spare a thought for me while I'm gone?  
Will you laugh with your friend over which is long?  
Will you slide it up your thighs and up to your crack,  
Smile to yourself, Thank God he's not back?  
Will you miss me tonight when I'm gone?  
'Cause the batteries in your friend have almost gone,  
And you never could make that charger thing come on?  
So now you'll miss me tonight 'cause I'm gone, try a banana,  
'Cause you'll miss me tonight 'cause I'm gone,  
Ya bitch.

***BOTANY BAY***

Me name is Pat O'Leary,  
I'm a navvy lad from Cork,  
Me boss he is a nicker,  
And I'm sick of his piecework.  
I'll sail to dear Australia,  
A land so far away.  
So that's my fate, I'm goin' to emigrate  
To the shores of Botany Bay.

*Chorus: Farewell to your bricks and mortar,*

*Farewell to your dirty lies,  
Farewell to your gangways and your gangplanks  
And to hell with your overtime.  
For the good ship Ragamuffin,  
She's lying at the Quay  
For to take out' Pat with the shovel on his back  
To the shores of Botany Bay.*

**I'm on my way down to the Quay  
Where the ship at anchor lays,  
To command a gang of navvies  
That they told me to engage.  
I thought I drop in for a drink  
Before I went away,  
For to take a trip on an emigrant ship  
To the shores of Botany Bay.**

**The boss came up this morning,  
He says "Well pat, you know,  
If you don't get your navvies out  
I'm afraid you'll have to go".  
So I asked him for me wages,  
And demanded all me pay,  
For I told him straight, I'm going to emigrate  
To the shores of Botany Bay.**

**And when I reach Australia,  
I'll go and look for gold.  
There's plenty there for digging off  
Or so I have been told.  
Or else I'll go back to me trade  
And a hundred brick I'll lay,  
Because I live for an eight hour shift  
On the shores of Botany Bay.**

### ***BULLSHIT IN THE IN-BOX***

(TUNE: Whiskey in the Jar)

**'Twas early Friday evening as I left work to travel  
I met with Colonel Davis and my weekend plans unraveled.  
He first produced me orders, and then produced a warning,  
saying, "Pack up your gear, because you're leaving in the morning."**

***Chorus: Desert Fox, Southern Watch, Allied Force,***

*whack fol Delib'rate Guard,  
whack fol Delib'rate Guard,  
there's bullshit in the in-box.*

I gathered up my courage to sway the man to save us,  
I could've turned a Bolshevik but oh not Colonel Davis.  
I sighed, and I swore that I shouldn't be forsaken;  
he didn't like my reasons, so to Al Kharj I was taken.

If there's anyone can save me I'm sure he'd be civilian,  
and would that I were one of them and make myself a million.  
I'd like to join their number, with some transition assistance,  
but I'm stuck here on AEF at my DO's insistence.

If I be told to handle just one more worthless mission  
the devil take my job, I'd let him have it for the pissin'.  
But I'll not be a traitor, and nor I'll be shirker--  
I'll bite my tongue and bide my time 'till I'm a postal worker!

#### ***BUY US A DRINK***

Buy us a drink and we'll sing you a song  
of the chances you missed, and the love that went wrong.  
If you can't buy whiskey, stand us a pint,  
And we'll lug'er strait down, and we'll sing half the night.  
Lug'er down,  
Lug'er down.  
As long as there's light in the day,  
For you'll get no more sup, when you're number is up,  
And they lay you to rot in the grave.  
There's girls in the parlours, there's girls in the bars.  
They paint on the smiles, so you don't see the scars.  
They get lots of offers, but not much respect  
For raising three kids on a government cheque.

#### ***BYE BYE CHERRY***

(Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Back your ass against the wall,  
Here I come, balls and all,  
Bye, bye, cherry!  
Won't your mother be disgusted,  
When she finds your cherry's busted,

Bye, bye, cherry!  
Wrap your legs around a little tighter,  
I can feel my load is getting lighter,  
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits,  
Till my little pecker spits,  
Cherry, bye bye!

***CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS***

(Tune: Do Ye Ken John Peel)

The donkey is a solitary moke,  
He very seldom gets a poke;  
But when he does, he lets it soak,  
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

*Chorus:*

*Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles,  
Cats with syphilis, cats with piles,  
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles  
As they revel in the joys of copulation.*

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song,  
He has a ponderous penis fully forty cubits long,  
You should hear his high crescendo, when his mate is on the prong,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows,  
He takes two days to have a shag, but when he's in the throes,  
He doesn't stop to take it out; he piddles through his nose,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The poor old rhinoceros, so it appears,  
Never gets a grind in a thousand years,  
But when he does, he makes up for arrears,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

In Egypt's sunny clime, the crocodile,  
Gets a flip only once in a while,  
But when he does, it floods the Nile,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale,  
With a funny little diddle tucked beneath his tail,  
And he rides his missus in the teeth of a gale,

As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Little Mary Johnson will be seven next July,  
She's never had a naughty, but she thought she'd like to try,  
So she took her daddy's walking stick and did it on the sly,  
As she reveled in the joys of fornication.

Long-legged curates grind like goats,  
Pale-faced spinsters shag like shoats,  
And the whole damn world stands about and gloats,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick,  
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,  
But whenever it does, it slips in thick,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The ape is small and rather slow,  
Erect he stands a foot or so,  
So when he comes it's time to go,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The flea disports among the trees,  
And there consorts with whom he please,  
To fill the land with bastard fleas,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The elephant's prong is big and round,  
A small one scales a thousand pound,  
Two together rock the ground,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The camel likes to have his fun,  
His night is made when he is done,  
He always gets two humps for one,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The orangutan is a colorful sight,  
There's a glow on its ass like a pilot light,  
As it jumps and it leaps in the night,  
As it revels in the joys of fornication.

The oyster is a paragon of purity,  
And you can't tell the he from the she,  
But he can tell and so can she,



**As they revel in the joys of fornication.**

**A thousand verses all in rhyme,  
To sit and sing them seems a crime,  
When we could better spend our time,  
Reveling in the joys of fornication.**

**When you find yourself in springtime with a surge of sexual joy,  
And your wife has got the rag on and your daughter's rather coy,  
Then jam it up the backside of your favorite choirboy,  
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation.**

**The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable life,  
He can't afford a mistress and he doesn't have a wife,  
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Fife,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.**

**The hippopotamus so it seems,  
Very seldom has wet dreams;  
But when he does it comes in streams,  
As he revels in the joys of copulation.**

**The Australian lady emu when she wants to find a mate,  
Wanders round the desert with a feather up her date,  
You should see that feather, when she meets her destined fate,  
As she revels in the joys of fornication.**

**The poor domestic doggie, on his chain all day,  
Never gets a chance to get himself a lay,  
So he licks himself in a frantic way,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.**

**Poor old bovine, poor old bull,  
Very seldom gets a pull;  
But when he does, the cow is full,  
As he revels in the joys of copulation.**

**Poor little tortoise in his shell,  
Doesn't manage very well;  
But when he does he fucks like hell,  
As he revels in the joys of copulation.**

**Now the hairy old gorilla is a sedentary ape,  
Who very seldom does much rape;**

But when he does he comes like tape,  
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning with your penis in your hand,  
And you have a funny feeling in your seminary gland;  
If you cannot get a woman, try to get a clean old man,  
As you revel in the joys of copulation.

Now I met a young girl who had a great rear,  
But gave me a dose of gonorrhoea;  
Fools rush in where angels fear  
To revel in the joys of copulation.

### ***CHARLIE ON THE MTA***

Let me tell you a story of a man named Charlie  
On this tragic and fateful day  
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and his children,  
Went to work on the MTA.

*Chorus:*

*Did he ever return?                      NO, HE NEVER RETURNED*  
*And his fate is still unlearned...      BULLSHIT!*  
*He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston,*  
*He's the man who never returned.*

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Square Station  
And he changed for Jamaica Plain.  
When he got off the conductor said, "One more nickel,"  
Charlie couldn't get off that train.

Now all night long Charlie rode through the tunnel  
Saying, "What will become of me?  
Will I ever again see my sister in Chelsea  
Or my cousin back in Roxbury?"

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scollay Square Station  
Every day at quarter past two,  
And standing on the platform she gives Charlie the finger  
As the train goes rolling through.

Now you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a scandal  
That the people have to pay and pay,  
Fight the fair increase, vote for George O'Brien,

**Get poor Charlie off the MTA!**

***CHRISTOPHER ROBIN***

(Tune: Christopher Robin)

**Little boy kneels at the foot of the stairs,  
Clutched in his hands is a tuft of white hairs,  
Oh, my, just fancy that,  
Christopher Robin castrated the cat.**

**Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed,  
Lily-white hands are caressing his head,  
Oh, my, couldn't be worse,  
Christopher Robin is fucking his nurse.**

**Little boy sits on the lavatory pan,  
Gently caressing his little old man,  
Flip, flop, into the tank,  
Christopher Robin is having a yank.**

***CIGARETTES, WHISKEY AND WILD WILD WOMEN***

***Chorus:***

***Cigarettes, whiskey and wild wild women  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane;  
Cigarettes, whiskey and wild wild women  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane***

**Once I was happy and had a good wife  
I had enough money to last me for life  
Then I met with a gal and we went on a spree  
She taught me smokin' and drinkin' whiskey**

**Cigarettes are a blight on the whole human race  
A man is a monkey with one in his face;  
Take warning dear friend, take warning dear brother  
A fire's on one end, a fools on the t'other.**

**And now good people, I'm broken with faith  
The lines on my face make a well written page  
I'm weavin' this story -- how sadly but true  
On women and whiskey and what they can do**

Wild the cross at the head of my grave  
For women and whiskey here lies a poor slave.  
Take warnin' poor stranger, take warnin' dear friend  
In wide clear letters this tale of my end.

***COCK ROBIN***

(Tune: Who Killed Cock Robin)

Who killed cock robin?  
"I," said the sparrow,  
"With my bow and arrow,  
I killed cock robin."

*Chorus (words & actions):*  
*Oh-h-h-h the birds of the air said,*  
*Fuck it! Let's chuck it!*  
*When they heard cock robin*  
*Had kicked the fucking bucket!*  
*When they heard-d-d-d cock robin-n-n-n*  
*Had kicked the fucking bucket!*

Who saw him die?  
"I," said the fly,  
"With my little eye,  
I saw him die."

Who'll take his blood?  
"I," said the mole,  
"With my little bowl,  
I'll take his blood."

Who'll dig his grave?  
"I," said the owl,  
"With my little trowel,  
I'll dig the grave."

Who'll ring the bell?  
"I," said the bull,  
"With my mighty tool,  
I'll ring the bell."

Who'll say the prayer?  
"I," said the rook,  
"With my little book,

I'll say the prayer."

### ***A COLD WINTER'S EVENING***

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving  
O'Leary was closing the bar  
When he turned and he said to the lady in red,  
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."  
She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer  
As she thought of the cold night ahead,  
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper,  
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her  
the things a young girl should know,  
about the ways of Air Force men  
the way they come and go.  
Age has taken away her beauty,  
And sin has left its sad scar  
So remember your mothers and fuck all the others,  
And let her sleep under the bar."

### ***COLUMBO***

(Tune: Columbus Sailed the Ocean Blue)

In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Two,  
A schoolboy from I-taly,  
Walked the streets of ancient Rome,  
And jacked off in the alley.

#### ***Chorus:***

*He knew the world was round, oh,  
He knew it could be found, oh,  
That mathematical, geographical,  
Son of a bitch, Columbo.*

Colombo went to the Queen of Spain,  
And asked for ships and cargo,  
He said he'd kiss the royal ass,  
If he didn't bring back Chicago.

Now three slick ships set out to sea,  
Each one a double-decker,

The queen she waved her handkerchief,  
Colombo waved his pecker.

The sailors on Columbo's ship,  
Had each his private knothole,  
But Columbo was a superman,  
And used a padded porthole.

Colombo came upon the deck,  
His cock was like a flagpole,  
He grabbed the bo'sun by the neck,  
And shoved it up his asshole.

Columbo had a one-eyed cat,  
He kept it in the cabin,  
He rubbed its ass with axle grease,  
And started in a-jabbin'.

Columbo had a first mate,  
He loved him like a brother,  
Every night in the pale moonlight  
They buggered one another.

For forty days and forty nights,  
They sailed the broad Atlantic.  
Columbo and his scurvy crew,  
For want of a piece were frantic.

They spied a whore upon the shore,  
And off came shirts and collars,  
In twenty minutes by the clock,  
She'd made ten thousand dollars.

With a joyful shout they ran about,  
And practiced fornication,  
When they sailed they left behind,  
Ten times the population.

And when his men pulled out again,  
To take their homeward trip up,  
They'd caught the pox from every box,  
And syphilized all Europe.

Columbo went in haste to the Queen,  
Because it was his duty,

He gave to her a dose of clap,  
He had no other booty.

So she threw him in a stinking jail,  
And left him there to grumble,  
A ball and chain tied to his balls,  
So ended poor Columbo.

*COME AND SIT ON MY FACE IF YOU LOVE ME*  
(Tune: Red River Valley)

Come and sit on my face, if you love me,  
Come and sit on my face, if you care,  
And I'll drink from your Red River Valley,  
And munch on your curly pubic hairs.

Oh, if I had the wings of an eagle,  
And the balls of a hairy baboon,  
I would fly to the ends of creation,  
And I'd butt-fuck the Man in the Moon.

Oh, take it in the hand, Mrs Murphy,  
It feels just like a rolling pin.  
But if you roll it between your hands,  
It'll take some time to be useful again.

Oh, take it in the mouth, Mrs Murphy,  
It only weighs a quarter of a pound.  
It's got hairs round its neck like a turkey,  
And it spits when you shake it up and down.

Oh, take it between the breasts, Mrs Murphy,  
And look it straight in its one eye.  
It will lie at peace between your bosom,  
Until finally milk-tears you cry.

Oh, place it between your legs, Mrs Murphy,  
It is just aching to crawl inside.  
It has a helmet on its head like a soldier,  
And it will shoot all its ammo, then die.

Oh, but never touch (name), Mrs Murphy,  
It seems his is covered with scabs.  
His has warts all over like a horny toad,

And is protected by an army of crabs.

### ***THE CUCKOO***

(Tune: Itself)

The cuckoo is a funny bird,  
Who sits in the grass,  
With his wings neatly folded,  
And his beak up his ass.  
In this strange position,  
He can only say, "Twit!"  
'Cause it's hard to say, "Cuckoo,"  
With a beak full of shit.

### ***DANNY BOY***

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.  
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,  
It's you, it's you must go, and I must bide!

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
Oh, come ye back, in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh, Danny boy, oh, Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come when all the flowers are dying  
And I am dead, as dead I well may be  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho soft you tread above me  
And all my dreams will warmer, sweeter be  
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me  
I'll sleep in peace, until you come to me!

### ***DEAR MOM***

*Of the 43rd Tactical Fighter Squadron, Vietnam*

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,  
He crashed his OV-10 on the Ho Chi Minh highway.  
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass,



Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

He flew across the fence to see what he could see,  
And there it was, as plain as it could be.  
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.  
Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call,  
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."  
The DASC said, "That's all right, I'll send the Stinger Flight,  
For I AM THE POWER!"

Those Hornets checked right in, gunfighters two by two,  
Low on gas and tanker overdue.  
They asked the FAC to mark, just where the truck was parked,  
Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

That Bronco rolled right in , with his smoke to mark,  
Exactly where that fucking truck was parked  
But now the rest is in doubt, 'cause he never pulled out,  
Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

*With reverence:*

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,  
He crashed his OV-10 on the Ho Chi Minh Highway.  
He made a rocket pass, then he busted his ass,  
Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

*Sung to "Camptown Races":*

Motherfucker's dead, motherfucker's dead,  
Son's comin' home in a body bag,  
Oh, doo dah day!

*Spoken:*

How did he go? STRAIGHT IN!  
What was he doing? THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE!  
Indicated? YEAH.

Cocksucker, motherfucker, eat a bag of shit,  
Cunt hair, douche bag, bite your mother's tit.  
We're the best fighter squadron, all the others suck.  
Bronco FAC, Bronco FAC, rah, rah, FUCK!

*DINAH*

*Chorus:*

*Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg,  
Show us your leg, show us your leg,  
Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg,  
A yard above your knee.*

**I wish I were the diamond ring,  
On Dinah's dainty hand,  
Then, every time she wiped her ass,  
I'd see the promised LAND, LAND, LAND!**

**The rich girl rides a limousine,  
The poor girl rides a truck,  
But the only ride that Dinah has,  
Is when she has a RIGHT GOOD FUCK!**

**The rich girl uses a sanitary towel,  
The poor girl uses a sheet,  
But Dinah uses nothing at all,  
Leaves a trail along the STREET, STREET, STREET!**

**The rich girl wears a ring of gold,  
The poor girl one of brass,  
But the only ring that Dinah wears,  
Is the one around her ASS, ASS, ASS!**

**The rich girl wears a brassiere,  
The poor girl uses string,  
But Dinah uses nothing at all,  
She lets the bastards SWING, SWING, SWING!**

**The rich girl uses Vaseline,  
The poor girl uses lard,  
But Dinah uses axle grease,  
Because her cunt's so HARD, HARD, HARD!**

**The rich girl works in factories,  
The poor girl works in stores,  
But Dinah works in a honky-tonk,  
With forty other WHORES, WHORES, WHORES!**

***DO VIRGINS TASTE BETTER?***

(Tune: The Irish Washerwoman)

A dragon has come to our village today,  
We've asked him to leave, but he won't go away.  
He's talked to our king and they worked out a deal,  
No homes will he burn and no crops will he steal.

Now there is but one catch, we dislike it a bunch,  
Twice a year he invites him a virgin to lunch.  
We've no other choice, so the deal we'll respect,  
But we can't help but wonder and pause to reflect.

*Chorus:*

*Do virgins taste better than those who are not?  
Are they salty, or sweeter, more juicy or what?  
Do you savor them slow? Gulp them down on the spot?  
Do virgins taste better than those who are not?*

Now we'd like to be shed you, and many have tried.  
But no one can get thru your thick scaly hide.  
We hope that some day, some brave knight will come by.  
'Cause we can't wait around 'til you're too fat to fly.

You've impeccable taste in your women for sure,  
They always are pretty, they always are pure.  
But your notion of dining, it makes us all flinch,  
For your favorite entree is barbecued wench.

Now we've found a solution, it works out so neat,  
If you insist on nothing but virgins to eat.  
No more will our number ever grow small,  
We'll simply make sure there's no virgins at all!

### ***DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?***

(Tune: Sailor's Hornpipe)

*Chorus:*

*Ting-a-ling, God damn, find a woman if you can.  
If you can't find a woman, find a clean old man.  
If you're ever in Gibraltar, take a flying fuck at Walter.  
Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang low?*

Do your balls hang low? Do they swing to and fro?  
Can you tie 'em in a knot? Can you tie 'em in a bow?  
Can you throw 'em on your shoulder like a European soldier?

**Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang low?**

**Other verses:**

**Do they make a lusty clamor when you hit 'em with a hammer?**

**Can you bounce 'em off the wall like an Indian rubber ball?**

**Do they have a hollow sound when you drag 'em on the ground?**

**Do you feel a mellow tingle when you hit 'em with a shingle?**

**Do they squeal like dogs when you tromp 'em with your clogs?**

**Do they have a salty taste when you wrap 'em round your waist?**

**Do they chime like a gong when you pull upon your dong?**

### ***THE DUCHESS WAS A-DRESSING***

**The duchess was a-dressing,**

**A-dressing for the ball,**

**When out the window she did spy him**

**Pissing on the wall...**

***chorus:***

***With that lily-white kidney wiper,***

***And balls the size of three,***

***And a half a yard of foreskin***

***Hanging down below his knees***

***Hanging down, (echo: What a prick!)***

***Swinging free, (echo: Inches thick!)***

***With his yard and a half of foreskin***

***Hanging down below his knee.***

**The duchess wrote a letter**

**And in it she did say,**

**“I’d rather be fucked by you**

**Than by his lordship any day”**

**So he mounted up his charger,**

**And on it he did ride**

**With his balls slung over his shoulder**

**And his cock hung by his side**

**He rode into the courtyard,**

**He rode into the hall,**

**My goodness cried the butler,**

**He's come to fuck us all.**

**He fucked the cook in the kitchen**

He fucked the maidens all,  
He even fucked the butler  
Who was the randiest bugger of all.

Well he mounted up his charger  
And rode into the street,  
With little drops of semen  
Pitter-patter at his feet

They say he's dead by long now,  
And buried in St Pauls,  
They say it took four and twenty men  
To carry both his balls.

Some say he went to heaven,  
Some say he went to hell,  
Some say he fucked the devil,  
If he did he fucked him well.

#### *THE DUNNES' SONG*

I was once well acquainted with a man called Joseph Dunne,  
A very respectable sort of a man and fond of harmless fun,  
He courted young and married was when he was twenty-one,  
And a very respectable family had Mr. and Mrs. Dunne.

#### *Chorus:*

*For there was High Dunne and Low Dunne, Under Dunne and Over Dunne,  
All the other younger Dunnes, in and out they run;  
Ther was oul' Dunne and young Dunne, and young Dunne's youngest son;  
Young Dunne will be a Dunne when the elder Dunne is done.*

In the course of time this Joseph Dunne he found himself a wife,  
And soon he found he had to fight the hardest fight of life:  
To keep ten little bellies full, and a wife that weighed a ton,  
To any man who can do all that, you have to say, "Well done!"

When Mrs. Dunne presented Dunne with their first strapping son,  
they named him Michael Patrick Dunne but called him Cherry Plum,  
And when the price of bread went up, and more children did come,  
Said Mrs. Dunne to Mr. Dunne, "More bread or we'll be done."

So here's to the youngest son of Dunne, likewise to the eldest Dunne,  
And here's to the youngest son of Dunne when the eldest Dunne is done,

For any man can be well done in this big wicked world,  
What's done by Dunne must be well-done, so well done good oul' Dunne!

### *EARLY ONE EVENING*

Early one evening, just as the pubs were opening,  
A traveller came walking down a dark and rainy street.  
He saw a door ajar, went into the public bar,  
"Landlord I would like a pint and something good to eat."

"I fancy some crusty bread, and roast beef of old England,  
Butter from the churn and tangy home made pickle too,  
And if you think you could Draw some bitter from the wood,  
I'd be most content to quaff a foaming pint or two."

"I'll sit by your fireside and contemplate the infinite,  
The quiet of your hostelry shall seep into my heart,  
And should a regular Venture into the bar,  
Perhaps I might engage him in a contest at the darts."

"Come in", said the landlord, "I've got pre-packed fish paste sandwiches,  
A soya sausage substitute I purchase by the ton,  
And if you fancy it, I could defrost a bit,  
And plaster it in ketchup in a supermarket bun."

"I'll pull you a foaming pint of Super Sparkle Read-Bru,  
As advertised on telly by a famous rugby scrum,  
No filthy barrels here, we serve hygienic beer,  
Safely pasteurized inside an aluminium drum."

"Sit down by the fire squire I'll switch the logs on right away,  
Perhaps you'd like a gamble on my latest fruit machine,  
Three cherries in a row, that should set your heart aglow,  
Or how about my jukebox, that should really set the scene."

The traveller sat down beside the polystyrene inglenook,  
The plastic beams vibrating to the electronic sound,  
Took a bite - began to chew, sank his pint of Read-Bru,  
Gave a ghastly gurgle...[UUURGH]...and fell dead upon the ground....

[Death March]

"Oh dear", said the landlord, so he turned his colour telly on,  
"Another fatal accident, the third this week I fear."

If they can't hold there own, why don't they stay at home,  
My God we don't half get some funny customers in here."

### ***THE ENGINEER'S SONG***

The engineer told me before he died,  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
The engineer told me before he died,  
And I've no reason to believe he lied  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
*Rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,  
That she could not be satisfied  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
*Rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*

So he built a cock of steel,  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
So he built a cock of steel,  
With two brass balls and a big red wheel  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
*Rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*

Then he filled those balls with cream  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
Then he filled those balls with cream,  
And the great machine was driven by steam  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
*Rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*

Round and round went the big red wheel,  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
Round and round went the big wheel,  
And in and out went the cock of steel  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
*Rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*

Higher and higher went the level of steam,  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
Higher and higher went the level of steam,  
And down and down went the level of cream

*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
*Rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*

Then at last the maiden cried,  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
Then at last the maiden cried,  
“Enough, Enough, I'm satisfied”  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
*Rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*

Now we come to the tragic bit,  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
Now we come to the tragic bit,  
There was no way of stopping it  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
*Rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*

She was split from ass to tit,  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
She was split from ass to tit,  
And the great machine was covered in shit  
*Ah-rump titty rump titty rump titty rump*  
*Rump titty rump titty rump titty rump!*

### ***FINNIGAN'S WAKE***

Tim Finnigan lived on Walker Street  
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd  
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet  
And to rise in the world he carried a hod  
You see he'd sort of a tipplin' way  
With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born  
To help him on with his work each day  
He'd a drop of the creatur every morn.

*Chorus: Whack for the da' now dance to your partner*  
*Round the floor your trotter's shake*  
*Wasn't it the truth I told you*  
*Lot's o' fun at Finnigan's wake.*

One morning Tim was rather full  
His head felt heavy which made him shake  
He fell from the ladder and he broke his skull  
So they carried him home his corpse to wake  
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet



They laid him out upon the bed  
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet  
And a barrel of porter at his head.

His friends assembled at the wake  
And Mrs. Finnigan called for lunch  
First they brought in tea and cake,  
Then pipe tobacco and whiskey punch  
Biddie O'Brien began to cry,  
"Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see  
Aye Tim, mavourneen, why did ya die?"  
"Ah, hold your gob!" says Paddie McGee.

Then Biddie O'Connor took up the job  
"Oh, Biddie," says she, "You're wrong I'm sure."  
Biddie gave her a belt in the gob  
And she left her sprawlin' on the floor  
Then the war did soon engage  
Twas woman to woman and man to man  
Shillelagh-law was all the rage  
And the row and eruption soon began.

Then Micky Maloney raised his head  
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him  
It missed him fallin' on the bed  
The liquor scattered over Tim  
Tom revives see how he rises  
Timothy risin' from the bed  
Sayin' "Whirl your whiskey round like blazes!  
Thanum an Diall! Did you think I'm dead?"

### ***THE FINEST FUCKING FAMILY IN THE LAND***

There's a gentlemen's convenience in the north of Waterloo  
And another for the ladies further down,  
For a penny on deposit you can hire a water closet  
But a season ticket costs you half a crown.  
Have you met my Uncle Hector, he's a cock and ball inspector  
At a celebrated English public school,  
And my brother sells French letters and a patent cure for wetters  
We're a fucking queer collection, ain't it cruel?

Life presents a dismal picture, Father has ureathral stricture  
And Granny's down with epileptic fits

Grandpa's just now been deported and dear Annie's been aborted  
And all of us are yelling "bloody quits!"  
Henry has no occupation save excessive masturbation  
And cracking ice for Father's piles, no doubt,  
But we will not be down-hearted, although Auntie has just farted  
And blown her bloody asshole inside-out

When you wake up in the morning with your hands upon your knees  
And the shadow of your pecker on the wall,  
And the hair are growing thick between your asshole and your prick  
While the rats are playing snooker with your balls  
Have you met my sister Tilly? She's a whore in Picadilly,  
And my mother is another in the Strand.  
And my father sells his asshole to the guards at Windsor Castle,  
We're the finest fucking family in the land.

### ***FORNICATION-MASTURBATION***

(Tune: Alouette)

*Chorus: Fornication, I love fornication,  
Fornication, how I love to fuck.*

Leader: How I like to be on top,  
Pack: Yes, he likes to be on top  
Leader: Be on top,  
Pack: Be on top,  
Leader: Fornicate,  
Pack: Fornicate,

Leader is now the next person on the right--lead goes around the circle with each new verse, and all old verses should be repeated, as in AAHLAWETA:

Other verses:

How I like it standing up  
How I like to hide the salami  
Bury the bone  
Poke the hay  
Slice the slit  
Drive it deep  
Ride the baloney pony  
Bump and grind  
Pump and hump  
Grind her mound  
How I like harpooning clams

Spear the snatch  
Cleave the quim  
Give jungle love  
etc . . .

This goes on until no one can think of new fornication verses, at which point the song becomes "Masturbation":

*Chorus:*  
*Masturbation, I love masturbation,*  
*Masturbation, I love to masturbate.*

Leader: How I like to choke my chicken,  
Pack: Yes, he likes to choke his chicken,  
Leader: Choke my chicken,  
Pack: Choke his chicken,  
Leader: Masturbate,  
Pack: Masturbate,

*Chorus*

*Other verses:*  
Spank my monkey  
Lope my mule  
Rub my nub  
Whip my lizard  
Pound the pud  
Flog my log  
Beat my meat  
Pull my pony  
Walk the weenie  
Yank my chain  
Wrestle Cyclops  
Corral the tadpoles  
Crown the bishop  
Shake Jake the one-eyed snake  
etc . . .

### ***FUCK THE GIANT PENIS***

(Tune: Puff the Magic Dragon)

Once a pure white virgin lived by the sea,  
She frolicked o'er pastoral fields, her name Virginity,  
A sweet young lass of just sixteen, a rosebud ripe and firm,

**She wandered o'er the verdant hills, not knowing of the sperm.**

**Well, Fuck the Giant Penis lived not far away,  
His cock was damn near two feet long; he poked one twice a day,  
He was an Ivy Leaguer with vest and pinstriped suit,  
He drove a roadster XKE, the sexed-up extrovert.**

**One day while he was reaming around the rural strips,  
He spied her picking flowers there, that lass with swinging hips,  
He jumped out of the driver's seat and grabbed her by the ass,  
He tore off all her clothing, and laid her in the grass.**

**Her maidenhead was busted, the ground ran bloody red,  
He poked her till the twilight came, then took her home to bed,  
He poked her till the sun rose, she begged for more and more,  
He turned that pure virginity into a God damned whore.**

***FUCKIN' HELL SHE'S UGLY***

**(Tune: All I Want is a Room Somewhere)**

**All I want is a whore somewhere,  
Great big labia, no pubic hair,  
Open mouth with no teeth there,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.**

**Great big tits that hang so slack,  
One is yellow and the other black,  
Oh man, have you seen her crack?  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.**

**She's got stretch marks on her guts,  
Just like all the other sluts,  
An abortion scar that opens and shuts,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.**

**Took her home to meet me mum,  
Dad saw her and nearly cum,  
"Son," he said, "have you seen her bum?"  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.**

**She's hunch backed with a broken nose,  
Got one club foot with an ingrown toe,  
Her menstrual flow comes out of her nose,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.**

She's got acne you wouldn't believe,  
Broken teeth and breath like cheese,  
Her pubic hair is alive with fleas,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She wears a wig 'cause she's got no hair,  
The shit do cling to her underwear,  
I should know 'cause I've been there,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

Her wooden leg is far too short,  
Her glass eye's got a list to port,  
I've shagged her mum, she's such a sport,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

I met her when she was thrity-five,  
I looked into those criss-crossed eyes,  
It was hard to tell if she was dead or alive,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She said, "Grab me by my private parts,"  
As I did she blew out a fart,  
Followed with a grunt from within her cunt,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

Now she's dead and there ain't no more,  
I fucked to death that rotten whore,  
My balls are red and my dick's so sore,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

**GANG BANG**

**KNOCK KNOCK! WHO'S THERE?**  
**ANITA.** **ANITA WHO?**  
*I need a gang bang, I always will,  
Because a gang bang gives me such a thrill.  
When I was younger and in my prime,  
I used to gang bang all the time.  
But now I'm older and turning gray,  
I only gang bang once a day.*

**...Ida...I'd a want another gang-bang...**

...Eisenhower...I's an hour late for the gang bang?  
...Wilma...Wilma finger do until I get a hard-on at the gang bang?  
...Emma...Emma some nice tits, glad you brought 'em to the gang bang...  
...Gladiator...Gladiator out before the gang bang...  
...Banana...Banananana, na na na na, ...  
...Orange...Orange you glad I didn't say Banananana, na na na na....  
...Reagan...Reagan brought his own Bush to the gang bang...  
...Ben Hur...Ben Hur over the couch, we need a gang bang...  
...Nixon...Nixon the blow job, I need a gang bang...  
...Tom Sawyer...Tom Sawyer mother at the gang bang...  
...Ben...Ben dover and have another gang bang...  
...Turner...Turner over and have another gang bang...  
...Oliver...Oliver clothes were off at the gang bang...  
...Peter Meter....My peter'll meet her at the gang bang...  
...Kissinger...Kissinger's great but fuckin' her's better at the gang bang...  
...Betty...Bet he'll have a sore dick after the gang bang...  
...Sharon...Sharon share alike at the gang bang...  
...Kenya...Kenya gimme directions to the gang bang...

***THE GAY CABALLERO***  
(Tune: The Gay Caballero)

Oh, I am a gay caballero,  
Going from Rio de Janeiro,  
With an exceedingly long latraballee,  
And two fine latraballeros.

I went down to Tijuana,  
Exceedingly fine Tijuana,  
With my exceedingly long latraballee,  
And my two fine latraballeros.

I met a gay senorita,  
Exceedingly gay senorita,  
She wanted to play with my latraballee,  
And with one of my latraballeros.

Oh, now I've got the clapito,  
Exceedingly painful clapito,  
Right on the end of my latraballee,  
And on one of my latraballeros.

I went to see a medico,  
Exceedingly fine medico,  
He looked at the end of my latraballee,  
And at one of my latraballeros.

He took out a long stiletto,  
Exceedingly long stiletto,  
He cut off the end of my latraballee,  
And one of my latraballeros.

And now I'm a sad caballero,  
Returning to Rio de Janiero,  
Minus the end of my latraballee,  
And one of my latraballeros.

At night I lay on my pillow,  
Seeking to finger my willow,  
All I find there is a handful of hair,  
And one dried-up latraballero.

### *GENERAL GUINNESS*

You've heard of General Wellington  
Who won at Waterloo,  
But there's a good old Irishman  
I'll introduce to you  
He comes from dear old Dublin  
He's a man we all applaud  
For he always finds a corkscrew

Far more hardy than a sword.  
He's good old General Guinness  
He's a soldier strong and stout  
Found on every battlefield  
He can't be done without  
His noble name has worldwide fame  
Preserved through hearty cheers  
Hurrah for General Guinness  
And the Dublin Boozileers!

This hale and hearty warrior  
Is worshipped in the ranks,  
For he does his task inside a cask  
As well as in the tanks.  
He's borne the brunt on every front,  
North, South, East and West,  
And he wears about ten thousand canteen  
Medals on his chest.  
He's good old General Guinness.  
He's won the world's applause.  
It was he who kept our spirits up  
In the midst of all the wars.  
Who was the first to flirt with  
Mademoiselle from Armentiers?  
Why good old General Guinness  
Of the Dublin Boozileers.

All over bonny Scotland, too,  
The General is seen.  
They've given him the freedom  
Of the town of Aberdeen.  
From Inverness to Galloshiles,  
They keep him warm at night  
And they love to gather round him,  
Auuuch! On every moonlit night.  
He's good old General Guinness  
He's as good as Scottish broth.  
He's the one who turned the Firth of Forth  
Into the Firth of Froth  
All Scotsmen dance the highland fling  
And shout when he appears  
Hurrah for General Guinness  
And the Dublin Boozileers!



### ***GEORDIE***

As I walked out over London Bridge,  
One misty morning early,  
I overheard a fair pretty maid  
Lamenting for her Geordie.

Ah my Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain,  
It's not the chain of many.  
He was born of king's royal breed,  
And lost to a virtuous lady.

Go bridle me my milkwhite steed,  
Go bridle me my pony,  
And I will ride to London's court  
To save the life of Geordie.

Ah my Geordie never stole no cow nor calf,  
He never hurted any,  
He stole sixteen of the King's royal deer  
And sold them in Bohenny.

The judge looked over his left shoulder,  
He said "Fair maid, I'm sorry",  
He said "Fair maid, you must be gone,  
For I cannot pardon Geordie".

Ah my Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain,  
It's not the chain of many.  
He stole sixteen of the King's royal deer  
And sold them in Bohenny.

### ***GILLIGAN'S ISLAND***

(Tune: Gilligan's Island Theme)

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale,  
A tale of a fateful trip,  
That started with a drippy dick,  
And a cold sore on my lip.

The skipper started getting rough,  
He grabbed my scrotum sack,  
Pulled it back between my legs,  
And shoved it up my crack.

The professor sucked off Mary Anne,  
And Thurston Howell the 3rd  
Was nuzzlin' Gilligan's asshole,  
Hopin' for a turd.

Mrs Howell and Ginger were doin' 69,  
Ginger thought her period was late . . .  
But it was right on time!

*GLORIOUS, VICTORIOUS (BEER, BEER, BEER)*

Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer, beer, beer, beer  
Drunk last night, drunk the night before,  
Gonna get drunk tonight like I've never been drunk before,  
Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be,  
Cause we're all part of the Souse family.  
Oh the Souse Family is the best family  
To ever come over from Old Germany.  
There's the Highland Dutch and the Lowland Dutch  
the Rotterdam Dutch and the Goddam Dutch.  
singing glorious, vic-torious!  
One keg of beer for the four of us.  
Singing Glory be to God that there are no more of us,  
Cause one of us could drink it all alone  
Damn near, pass the beer, to the rear, of the squadron!

*THE GOOD SHIP VENUS*

Aboard the good ship Venus,  
By God, you should have seen us,  
The figurehead, a whore in bed,  
The mast, a throbbing penis.

*Chorus: There was friggin' in the riggin',  
Wankin' on the plankin',  
Masturbatin' on the gratin',  
There was fuck all else to do.*

The first mate's name was Paul,  
He only had one ball,  
But with that cracker he rolled terbaccer  
Around the cabin wall.

His cabin boy was Kipper,  
A dirty little nipper,  
They stuffed his ass with broken glass,  
And circumcised the skipper.

The second mate's name was Andy,  
His dick was long and bandy,  
They filled his ass with molten brass  
For pissing in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Morgan,  
He was a grisly Gorgon,  
Three times a day he strummed away  
Upon his sexual organ.

The cox'n's name was Slugger,  
He was a dirty bugger,  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit  
On any bugger's lugger.

A cook whose name was Freeman,  
He was a dirty demon,  
He fed the crew on menstrual stew  
And hymens fried in semen.

Another cook was O'Malley,  
He didn't dilly-dally,  
He shot his bolt with such a jolt  
He whitewashed half the galley.

The bosun's name was Lester,  
He was a hymen tester,  
Through hymens thick he shoved his dick  
And left it there to fester.

The engineer was McTavish,  
And young girls he did ravish,  
He lost his tool in Istanbul,  
He was a little lavish.

The bosun's mate was Carter,  
By God, he was a farter,  
When the wind wouldn't blow and the ship wouldn't go,  
We'd get Carter the farter to start 'er.

A homo was the purser,  
He couldn't have been worser,  
With all the crew he had a screw,  
Until they yelled, "Oh no, sir!"

Another one was Cropper,  
Oh Christ, he had a whopper,  
Twice round the deck, once round his neck,  
And up his bum for a stopper.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,  
The whole crew did him over,  
They ground and ground the wretched hound  
From Lisbon to Andover.

Twas on the broad Atlantic,  
Where the water's almost static,  
The rise and fall of cock and balls  
Was almost automatic.

The captain's wife was Mabel,  
And whenever she was able,  
She gave the crew its daily screw  
Upon the galley table.

The skipper's daughter Mabel,  
They fucked when they were able.  
They tacked those tits, the dirty shits,  
Right to the galley table.

The skipper's other daughter,  
They tossed into the water.  
Delighted squeals came as the eels  
Entered her sexual quarter.

The ladies of the nation,  
Arose in indignation,  
They stuffed their bums with chewing gum,  
A smart retaliation.

So now we end this serial,  
Through sheer lack of material,  
I wish you luck and freedom from  
Diseases venereal.

***GREEN GROW THE RASHES O***

(Tune: Green Grow the Rushes O)

*Green grow the rashes O,  
Green grow the rashes O,  
The sweetest bed I ever had,  
Was the bellies of the lassies O.*

**We're all full from eating it,  
We're all dry from drinking it,  
The parson kissed the fiddler's wife,  
And couldn't preach for thinking of it.**

**There's a pious lass in town  
Godly Lizzy Lundy O,  
She mounts the peak throughout the week,  
But fingers it on Sunday O.**

**Lizzie is of large dimension,  
There is not a doubt of it,  
The soccer team went in last night,  
And none has yet come out of it.**

**Jockie's wife she thought she'd shave it,  
Threw him in a pretty passion,  
Shouting he'd not have a wife,  
Whose private parts were out of fashion.**

***HE OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY PISSED ON***

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

**He ought to be publicly pissed on,  
He ought to be publicly shot,  
He ought to be tied to a urinal,  
And left there to fester and rot.  
He ought to be hung, drawn, and quartered,  
He ought to be dragged through the street,  
He ought to be publicly horsewhipped,  
And flogged on the soles of his feet.  
Piss on, piss on, piss on this pile of shit, of shit!  
Piss on, piss on, piss on this pile of shit!**

***HEIGH-HO SAYS ROWLEY***

(Tune: Froggie Goes A'Courtin')

**A is for asshole all covered in shit,  
Heigh-ho says Rowley,  
B is the bugger who revels in it,  
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,  
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Rowley.**

**C is for cunt all dripping with piss,  
Heigh-ho, etc . . .  
D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss, etc . . .**

**E is the eunuch with only one ball,  
F is the fucker with no balls at all.**

**G is for goiter, gonorrhea, and gout,  
H is the harlot who spreads it about.**

**I for insertion, injection, and itch,  
J is the jerk of a dog on a bitch.**

**K is the knight who thought fucking a bore,  
L is the lesbian who came back for more.**

**M is the maidenhead, tattered and torn,  
N is the noble who died on his horn.**

**O is for orifice, cunningly concealed,  
P is for penis, pranged up and peeled.**

**Q is the Quaker who shat in his hat,  
R is the Rajah who rogered the cat.**

**S is the shit-pot, filled to the brim,  
T are the turds which are floating within.**

**U is the usher who taught us at school,  
V is the virgin who played with his tool.**

**W is the whore who thought fucking a farce,  
And X, Y, and Z you can shove up your arse!**

### ***HELLO PENIS***

(Tune: Sound of Silence)

Hello penis my old friend,  
I've come to play with you again,  
When those wet dreams come a-creeping,  
I spurt my seeds while I am sleeping,  
And with your helmet firmly planted in my hand,  
It will expand,  
While jerking off in silence.

In horny dreams I get a bone,  
I beat me off on cobble stones,  
Beneath the halo of a street lamp,  
I see a whore who's getting very damp,  
And for fifty gonks in a flash she's on her back,  
She spreads her crack,  
And twitches her twat in silence.

For those who see and do not know  
How to make my penis grow,  
I whipped you out so that she might eat you,  
I stuffed you up into her pussy spew,  
And then my sperm, like silent raindrops fell,  
And turned to gel,  
While jerking off in silence.

And the ants came out and played,  
In the fucking mess I'd made,  
But I rememberd still my dad's warning,  
That mum would find it still in the morning,  
So I rolled out of bed and wiped it up with my shirt,  
God, what a squirt!  
Jerking off in silence.

### ***HERE'S TO BROTHER*** \_\_\_\_\_

(Tune: Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin)

Here's to Brother \_\_\_\_\_, Brother \_\_\_\_\_, Brother \_\_\_\_\_,  
Here's to Brother \_\_\_\_\_, he's uglier than shit.  
He eats it, he beats it, he even mistreats it,  
Here's to Brother \_\_\_\_\_, he's uglier than shit.  
He's happy, he's jolly, he's fucked up by golly,  
Here's to Brother \_\_\_\_\_, he's uglier than shit.

**So DRINK motherfucker, DRINK motherfucker, DRINK motherfucker, DRINK...**

**Here's to Brother \_\_\_\_\_, he's uglier than shit!**

### ***HOME FOR A REST***

*Chorus: You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best  
I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left  
These so-called vacations will soon be my death  
I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a rest...*

**We arrived in December and London was cold  
So we stayed in the bars along Charing Cross Road  
We never saw nothin' but brass taps and oak  
Kept a shine on the bar with the sleeves of our coats**

**Euston Station the train journey north  
In the buffet car we lurched back and forth  
Past odd crooked dikes, through Yorkshire's green fields  
We were flung into dance as the train jiggled and reeled**

**By the light of the moon she'd drift through the streets  
A rare old perfume so seductive and sweet  
She'd tease us and flirt as the pubs all closed down  
Then walk us on home and deny us a round**

**The gas heater's empty, it's damp as a tomb  
And the spirits we drank are now ghosts in the room  
I'm knackered again, come on sleep take me soon  
And don't lift up my head 'til the twelve bells of noon**

### ***THE HOMER SIMPSON DRINKING SONG***

**(Tune: Do-Re-Mi)**

**DOH! A beer! I need a beer!  
Ray, the guy who buys me beer!  
Me, the guy who Ray buys beer!  
Far, the way to go for beer!  
So, I think I'll have a beer!  
La, la la la la la...  
Tea? No thanks I'll have a beer!  
Which brings us back to Doh! doh! doh!**



***HOW ABOUT A 69***

(Tune: When I'm 64)

I could be happy, licking your clit  
When your pants are down.  
You could suck my penis by the fireside,  
Hop on board, let's go for a ride.  
Out in the garden, top of the fridge,  
Anywhere is fine.  
Got an erection,  
Got no protection,  
So how about a 69?

When I get older, losing my balls  
From my leprosy,  
Will you still be sucking on the rotten bits,  
Rubbing pus all over your tits?  
Woke up this morning,  
To my surprise,  
My cock I could not find.  
Just gotta face it,  
Must've misplaced it,  
So how about a 69?

Send you a parcel  
Enclosing my balls, and my foreskin too.  
Telling you the thing I find it hard to say,  
Yours sincerely, wasting away.  
Just can't seem to  
Get any joy  
From this stump of mine.  
I can't ignore it,  
Nothing else for it,  
So, how about a 69?

***HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN***

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

My father makes book on the corner,  
My mother makes synthetic gin;  
My sister sells blowjobs to sailors,  
My God, how the money rolls in.

*Chorus:*

*Rolls in, rolls in*

*My God, how the money rolls in, rolls in.*

*Rolls in, rolls in*

*My God, how the money rolls in.*

**My mother's a bawdy house keeper,  
Each night when the evening grows dim,  
She hangs out a little red lantern,  
My God how the money rolls in.**

**My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,  
With instruments long, short and thin.  
He only does one operation,  
My God, how the money rolls in.**

**My brother's a slum missionary,  
He saves fallen women from sin.  
He'll save you a blonde for a five dollars.  
My God, how the money rolls in.**

**My aunt keeps a girl's seminary,  
Teaching young girls to begin.  
She won't tell me where they will finish,  
My God how the money rolls in.**

**My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,  
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin,  
She's stripping from morning till midnight,  
My God how the money rolls in.**

**My grandmother rolls prophylactics,  
My grandpa pokes them with a pin,  
My uncle performs the abortions,  
My God, how the money rolls in.**

**My one skin lies over my two skin,  
My two skin lies over my three.  
My three skin lies over my four skin,  
So pull back my foreskin for me.  
*Pull back, pull back,  
Oh, pull back my foreskin for me, for me.  
Pull back, Pull back,  
Oh, pull back my foreskin for me.***

***I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE***

(Tune: Picadilly Underground)

I don't want to join the air force,  
I don't want to go to war,  
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground,  
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.  
Don't want a bullet up me asshole,  
Don't want me buttocks shot away,  
I'd rather stay in England,  
Jolly, jolly England,  
And fornicate my fucking life away!

Monday I touched her on the ankle,  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
On Wednesday, I confess, I lifted up her dress,  
Thursday I saw you-know-what,  
Friday I put me hand upon it,  
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak (*Tweak! Tweak!*)  
And Sunday after supper, I put the old boy up 'er,  
And now she earns me forty quid a week! Gor blimey.

Call out the Regimental Army,  
Call out the Navy and Marines,  
Call out me mother,  
Me sister and me brother,  
But for God's sake, don't call me, gor blimey.  
I don't want a bayonet up me asshole,  
I don't want me knackers shot away,  
I'd rather live in England,  
Merry, merry England,  
And fornicate me fuckin' life away.

***I HAVE A DOG HIS NAME IS FRITZ***

I have a dog his name is Rover.  
OH MY GOODNESS!  
I have a dog his name is Rover.  
EEE BY GUM!  
I have a dog his name is Rover,  
And when he shits he shits all over.  
SHIT ALL ROUND THE ROOM ME BOYS,  
SHIT ALL ROUND THE ROOM.

**I have a dog his name is Fritz.  
OH MY GOODNESS!  
I have a sausage dog his name is Fritz.  
EEE BY GUM!  
I have a dog his name is Fritz,  
And when he shits, he shits and shits,  
SHIT ALL ROUND THE ROOM ME BOYS,  
SHIT ALL ROUND THE ROOM.**

**I have a dog a big Great Dane.  
OH MY GOODNESS!  
I have a dog a big Great Dane.  
EEE BY GUM!  
I've got a dog a big Great Dane,  
He wipes his bum and pulls the chain.  
SHIT ALL ROUND THE ROOM ME BOYS,  
SHIT ALL ROUND THE ROOM.**

### ***I LOVE MY WIFE***

**I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do,  
I love her truly...  
I love the hole that she pisses through (*that she pisses through...*)  
I love her ruby-red lips  
and her lily-white tits  
and the hair around her asshole  
I eat her shit, gobble gobble, chomp chomp,  
with a rusty spoon (*with a rusty spoon...*)**

### ***I NEED A EWE***

**(Tune: Scotland the Brave)**

**Bring me some whiskey, mother,  
I'm feeling frisky, mother.  
I need a ewe to keep me warm through the night!  
I need a lover, mother,  
No, not my brother, mother.  
I need a ewe to keep me warm through the night!**

**Gerbils don't make it, mother,  
They just can't take it, mother.  
I need a ewe to keep me warm through the night!**

Owls, bats and other critters,  
Just tend to give me jitters.  
I need a ewe to keep me warm through the night!

Ewes never talk about it,  
They never ever doubt it.  
Always so placid, affectionate and nice!  
Give me that lanolin,  
Better than flannel-in.  
I need a ewe to keep me warm through the night!

***I PUT MY HAND***

(Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

Now gather around and I'll tell you a tale, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
Now gather around and I'll tell you a tale, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
Now gather around and I'll tell you a tale,  
About a girl we did from Yale,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her toe,  
She said, "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, you're way too low,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her shin, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her shin, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her shin,  
She said, "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, you're makin' me grin,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her calf, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her calf, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her calf,  
She said, "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, you're makin' me laugh,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her knee,  
She said, "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, you're teasin' me,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her thigh, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her thigh, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her thigh,  
She said, "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, you're makin' me high,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her tit,  
She said, "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, you're squeezin' it,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her twat,  
She said, "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, you've hit the spot,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her clit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her clit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her clit,  
She said, "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, you've finally found it!  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my cock into her eye, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my cock into her eye, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my cock into her eye,  
She said, "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, you're way too high!  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my cock into her ear, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my cock into her ear, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my cock into her ear,  
She said, "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, you're nowhere near!  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"

**Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!**

**I put my cock upon her chin, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my cock upon her chin, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my cock upon her chin,  
She said, "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, please stick it in!  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!**

**I put my cock into her mouth, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my cock into her mouth, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my cock into her mouth,  
She said, "AAAAAUGH, MMMMMPH, THHHPT!  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!**

**Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
Now she lies in a wooden box,  
From sucking too many \_\_\_\_\_'s cocks,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!**

**We dig her up every now and again, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
We dig her up every now and again, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
We dig her up every now and again,  
She did us before, and she'll do us again!  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!**

***I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHOREHOUSE***

**I want to play piano in a whorehouse  
That is but my one desire  
Some may want to be rancers or farmers out in Butte,  
I just want to play in this house of ill repute  
Don't deny me my humble aspiration,  
For carnal copulation's here to stay  
I don't want no fame or riches,  
I just want to play for those old bitches  
I want to play piano in a whorehouse**

***IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND***

*Chorus: If I were the marrying kind,  
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,  
The kind of man that I would be  
Would be a rugby...*

**Prop, Sir.**

*...A Prop, Sir?*

**I'd support hookers, you'd support hookers  
We'd all support hookers together.  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,  
Supporting hookers together.**

*Chorus*

*Would be a rugby...*

**Scrum Half, Sir.**

*...A Scrum Half, Sir?*

**Oh, I'd put it in, you'd put it in,  
We'd both put it in together.  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,  
Putting it in together.**

**Prop: I'd bind tight, she'd bind tight, we'd both bind tight together...**

**Hooker: I'd hook balls...**

**Lock: I'd sniff butt...**

**8-Man: I'd split cheeks...**

**Flanker: I'd hold it in**

**Fly-half: I'd whip it out**

**Stand-off: I'd pass it on**

**Winger: I'd get none**

**Groundskeeper: I'd trim bush**

**Goal Post: I'd stand erect**

**Referee's Whistle: I'd get blown**

**Water Bottle: I'd get sucked**

**Rugby Boot: I'd get smelly**

**Cleat: I'd get screwed**

**Ball: I'd get pumped**

**Center: I'd put it out, she'd put it out, we'd both put out together...**

**Fullback: I'd find touch, she'd find touch, we both would touch each other...**

**Referee #1: I'd fuck her, she'd fuck me, we both would fuck together...**

**Referee #2: I'd blow her, she'd blow me, we both would blow each other...**

**Spectator in the rain #1: I'd get wet**

**Spectator in the rain #2: I'd come in rubbers**

**Fair Weather Spectator: I'd come again**



***I'LL NEVER PISS AGAIN***

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

My dick has felt the burning of the coming of the clap,  
I've been clean all these years and now I've got a real bum rap,  
That bitch said she was clean, but surely she's a goddamn liar,  
'Cause now my dick's on fire.

*Chorus: Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire, Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire,  
Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire, and I'll never piss again.*

I saw her coming at me from across a burlesque bar,  
Her ass was swinging wildly and her tits were sagging far,  
I propped her on a barstool and I bought that bitch a drink,  
Then I smelled that telltale stink.

Swedish Bees, Kamikazes, Stolies, and some brew,  
My dick was getting hard, man, the big old Wally grew,  
She reached into my pants and she pulled that monster out,  
And I began to scream and shout...

Well I should have listened to him 'cause he'd been with her before,  
That must have been where he got that bloody festered sore,  
I should have listened to him when he said she was a whore,  
But you know "Bo needs more."

Now I'm in the doctor's office sitting in the chair,  
Nothing like a red hot poker way down deep in there,  
The doctor pushed too far and my scrotum began to tear,  
Oh God, this really SUCKS.

***I'M A DARLIN'***

(Tune: "Dublin City")

As I walked out of Chester city  
At the late hour of the night  
Who should I see but a fair young maiden  
Washing her clothes by the clear moonlight

*Chorus: Madam, I'm a darlin', a die-ro-dither-o  
Madam, I'm a darlin', a die-ro-day*

First she washed and then she squeezed them  
And then she hung them out to dry  
And then she folded up her arms saying  
O what a fair young girl am I

O, going to the well to fetch some water  
Fetching it back to make some cheese  
She fell under and I fell over  
And all the game was above her knee

Madam I will tie your garter,  
I will tie it above your knee  
And if you like I'll tie it up farther  
'Cause madam I'm a die-row-day

Have you ever heard of cups and saucers  
Rattling round an old tin can  
have you ever heard of a fair young girl  
Married to an ugly grey old man

Madam you may have the gold and silver  
Madam you may have the tracts of land  
You may have ships all on the ocean  
But what you need now is a canny young man

### *IN MÜNCHEN STEHT EIN HOFBRÄUHAUS*

Da, wo die grüne Isar fließt,  
Wo man mit "Grüß Gott" dich grüßt,  
Liegt meine schöne Münch'ner Stadt,  
Die ihresgleichen nicht hat.  
Wasser ist billig, rein und gut,  
Nur verdünnt es unser Blut,  
Schöner sind Tropfen gold'nen Wein's,  
Aber am schönsten ist eins:

*In München steht ein Hofbräuhaus:*

*Eins, zwei, g'suffa . . .*

*Da läuft so manches Fäßchen aus:*

*Eins, zwei, g'suffa . . .*

*Da hat so manche braver Mann:*

*Eins, zwei, g'suffa . . .*

*Gezeigt was er so vertragen kann*

*Schon früh am Morgen fing er an*

*Und spät am Abend kam er heraus  
So schön ist's im Hofbräuhaus.*

Da trinkt man Bier nicht aus dem Glas,  
Da gibt's nur "die große Maß!"  
Und wenn der erste Maßkrug leer,  
Bringt dir die Reserl bald mehr.  
Oft kriegt zu Haus die Frau 'nen Schreck,  
Bleibt der Mann mal länger weg.  
Aber die braven Nachbarsleut',  
Die wissen besser Bescheid!

*In München steht ein Hofbräuhaus: . . . . .*

Wenn auch so manche schöne Stadt  
Sehenswürdigkeiten hat,  
Eins gibt es nirgendwo wie hier:  
Das ist das Münchener Bier.  
Wer dieses kleine Lied erdacht  
Hat so manche lange Nacht  
Über dem Münchener Bier studiert  
Und hat es gründlich probiert.

### ***THE IRISH ROVER***

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six  
We set sail from the fair Cobh of Cork.  
We were bound far away with a cargo of bricks  
For the grand city hall of New York.  
'Twas a very fine craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft  
And oh, how the wild winds drove her.  
She had twenty-three masts and withstood several blasts  
And we called her the Irish Rover.

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,  
There was Hogan from County Tyrone.  
And a chap called McGurk who was scared stiff of work  
And a chap from West Meade called Mellone.  
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule  
And fighting Bill Casey from Dover.  
There was Dooley from Claire who was strong as a bear  
And was skipper of the Irish Rover.

We had one million bales of old billy goats' tails,

We had two million buckets of stones.  
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides,  
We had four million packets of bones.  
We had five million hogs, six million dogs,  
And seven million barrels of porter.  
We had eight million bags of the best Sligo rags  
In the hold of the Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out  
And the ship lost her way in a fog.  
And the whole of the crew was reduced unto two,  
'Twas myself and the captain's old dog.  
Then the ship struck a rock with a terrible shock  
And then she heeled right over,  
Turned nine times around, and the poor dog was drowned  
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.

#### *IVAN SKAVINSKY SCAVAR*

The harems of Egypt are fine to behold,  
The harlots the fairest of fair,  
But the fairest of all was owned by a sheik, named Abdul Abulbul Emir.

A traveling brothel came down from the north,  
'Twas privately run for the Czar,  
Who wagered a hundred no one could outshag, Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

A day was arranged for the spectacle great,  
A holiday proclaimed by the Czar,  
And the streets were all lined with the harlots assigned, to Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

All hairs they were shorn, no frenchies were worn,  
And this suited Abdul by far,  
And he quite set his mind on a fast action grind, to beat Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

They met on the track with cocks at the slack,  
A starter's gun punctured the air,  
They were both quick to rise, the crowd gaped at the size, of Abdul Abulbul Emir.

They worked all the night in the pale yellow light,  
Old Abdul he revved like a car,  
But he couldn't compete with the slow steady beat, of Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun,

He bent down to polish the pair,  
When something red hot up his back passage shot, 'twas Abdul Abulbul Emir.

The harlots turned green, the crowd shouted "Queen,"  
They were ordered apart by the Czar,  
'Twas bloody bad luck for poor Abdul was stuck, up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

The cream of the joke came when they broke,  
'Twas laughed at for years by the Czar,  
For Abdul, the fool, left half of his tool, up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

***I'VE GOT A START ON A TWELVE-INCH HARD-ON***

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover)

I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard-on  
That I've had all afternoon.  
Went to the doctor, he told me to cough,  
I wish that he would have whacked it right off!  
Come to me, Venus, massage my penis,  
And shrivel it like a prune,  
'Cause I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard-on  
I'll probably have till June, till June.  
I'll probably have till June.

***JUG O' PUNCH***

As I was walking one fine morning  
In the month of June, by the jug and spoon,  
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch,  
And the song it sang was a jug o' punch.

*chorus:*

*Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo*  
*Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo*  
*A birdie sat on an ivy bunch,*  
*And the song it sang was a jug o' punch.*

What more perversion can a man desire  
Than to whip his girl by an open fire,  
A kerry pipin to crackle and crunch,  
Aye and on the table a jug o' punch

Even the doctor with all his art,

Cannot cure a man of a broken heart,  
Even the cripple forgets his hunch,  
When he's safe outside of a jug o' punch.

When I am dead and I am in my grave,  
There is just on thing, that I do crave,  
Just lay me down in my native peat,  
With a jug o' punch at my head and feet.

### ***LET'S HAVE A PARTY***

(Tune: Money Makes the World Go Around)

#### ***Chorus:***

*Parties make the world go around,  
The world go around, the world go around,  
Parties make the world go around,  
Let's have a party!*

We're gonna tear down the bar!	BOO!
We're gonna build a new bar!	RAY!
One inch deep!	BOO!
Two miles long!	RAY!
Soda's goinna be five dollars a glass!	BOO!
Whiskey's gonna be free!	RAY!
We're gonna dump the beer in the pool!	BOO!
Then we're all going swimming!	RAY!
There'll be no bartenders at our bar!	BOO!
Only barmaids!	RAY!
In long dresses!	BOO!
Made of cellophane!	RAY!
You can't take our girls to your rooms!	BOO!
Our girls'll take you to their rooms!	RAY!
But you can't sleep with our girls!	BOO!
Our girls won't let you sleep!	RAY!
No fuckin' on the dancin' floor!	BOO!
And no dancin' on the fuckin' floor!	RAY!

### ***THE LIFE OF THE ROVER***

The old ways are changing, you cannot deny  
The day of the traveller's over  
There's nowhere to go and there's nowhere to bide  
Farewell to the life of the rover.

*Chorus:*

*Farewell to the tent and the old caravan,  
To the drinker, the gypsy, the travelling man,  
Farewell to the life of the rover.*

**You've got to live fast to keep up with the times,  
These days a man cannot dander,  
There's a by-law that says you must be on your way,  
Another that says you can't wander.**

**Farewell to the pony, the cub and the mare  
The harness and saddle are idle,  
Don't need a trap when you're breaking up scrap,  
Farewell to the bit and the bridle.**

*Repeat first verse and chorus*

### ***THE LIMERICK RAKE***

**I am a young fellow that's fond of me fun,  
In Castletown Connors I'm very well known;  
In Newcastle West I spent many a note  
With Kitty and Molly and Mary.  
My parents rebuked me for being such a rake  
And spending my time in such frolicsome ways,  
But I ne've could forget the good nature of Jane,  
*Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se.***

**My parents, they reared me to shake and to sow,  
To plough and to harrow, to reap and to mow;  
But my heart was too airy to drop it so low,  
I set out on a high speculation.  
On paper and parchment they taught me to write  
And in Euclid and grammar they opened my eyes,  
But in multiplication, in truth, I was bright,  
*Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se.***

**To quarrel for riches I ne'er was inclined,  
For the greatest of misers must leave them behind;  
I'll purchase a cow that will never run dry  
And I'll milk her by twisting her horn.  
John Damer of Shronel had plenty of gold  
And Devonshire's treasure was twenty times more,**

But he's laid on his back among nettles and stones,  
Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se.

If I chance for to go to the market at Croom,  
With a cock in my hat and my pipes in full tune,  
I am welcome at once and brought up to a room  
Where Bacchus is sporting with Venus.  
There's Peggy and Jane from the town of Bruree,  
And Biddy from Bruff and we all on the spree,  
Such a combing of locks as there was about me,  
Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se.

There's some say I'm foolish, there's more say I'm wise,  
For love of the women I'm sure 'tis no crime;  
For the son of King David had ten hundred wives  
And his wisdom is highly recorded.  
I'll till a good garden and live at my ease  
And the women and children can partake of the same,  
If there's war in the cabin, themselves are to blame,  
Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se.

And now for the future I mean to be wise,  
And I'll send for the women that treated me kind;  
And I'll marry them all on the morrow, by and by  
If the clergy agree to the bargain.  
And when I'm on my back and my soul is at peace  
The women will crowd for to cry at my wake,  
And their sons and their daughters will utter their prayers  
To the Lord for the sake of their father.

***THE LIMERICK SONG:***

Tune (chorus only): Cielito Lindo (Mexican Hat Dance: “Aye, aye, aye, aye”)  
*The chorus is sung, the limericks spoken.*

*Chorus: Aye, aye, aye, aye,*  
*(insert personal insult, such as): Your mother goes down for Egyptians,*  
*So sing me another verse that's worse than the other verse,*  
*And waltz me around by my willie.*

More insults:  
Your mother swims out to meet troop ships  
Your mother and father were brothers  
Your brother fills empty cream donuts  
Your father eats your brother's cream donuts



**Your sister eats bat shit off cave walls  
Your mother sucks farts from dead seagulls  
Your brother beats off in confession  
Your mother and sister are brothers  
Your sister leaves slime trails like snails  
Your mother does squat thrusts on fireplugs  
Your family tree has no branches  
Your grandmother douches with Drano  
Your father sucks farts out of bus seats  
Your sister's best friend is a carrot  
Your brother just butt-fucked my collie  
Your sister goes down for a quarter  
Your uncle eats lunch at the sperm bank  
Your sister sucks moose cum off pine cones  
Your father does eight-year old Brownies  
Your mom uses Frisbees for diaphragms  
Your sister gives hand jobs to camels  
John Deere made your mother's vibrator  
Your mother uses hamsters for tampons  
Your sister rides bikes without seats  
Your mother's so dry the crabs carry canteens  
Fuck you and the horse you rode in on!**

**There once was a young girl named Myrtle,  
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle,  
The result of the fuck was two eggs and a duck,  
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.**

**There once was a man from Coblenz  
Whose ballocks were simply immense  
It took 44 laymen  
3 priests and a shaman  
To carry them hither and hence**

**A farmer I know named O'Doul  
Has a long and remarkable tool  
He can use it to plow  
Or to diddle a cow  
Or just as a cue stick at pool**

**There once was a man of great class  
Whose balls were made out of brass,  
When they swung together, they played "Stormy Weather,"  
And lighting shot out of his ass.**

There once was a man from Rangoon,  
Who was born nine months too soon,  
He didn't have the luck to be born by a fuck,  
He was scraped off the sheets with a spoon.

There once was a man from Kildare,  
Who buggered his girl on the stairs,  
The bannister broke, so he doubled his stroke,  
And finished her off in mid-air.

There was a young man from Dundee,  
Who buggered an ape in a tree,  
The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead,  
Three balls and a purple goatee.

When a woman in strapless attire,  
Found her breasts working higher and higher,  
A guest, with great feeling, exclaimed "How appealing!  
Do you mind if I piss in the fire?"

There was a young man from Australia,  
Who went on a wild bacchanalia,  
He buggered a frog, two mice, and a dog,  
And a bishop in fullest regalia.

There was a young lady named Anna,  
Who stuffed her friend's cunt with banana,  
Which she sucked bit by bit, from her partner's warm slit,  
In the most approved lesbian manner.

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,  
Just stroking the butt of his madam,  
He was quaking with mirth, for on all of the earth,  
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There was a young lady named Alice,  
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,  
It was not for the need, she committed the deed,  
But simple sectarian malice.

A mathematician named Fine,  
Always showed her classes a good time,  
Instead of multiplication, she taught fornication,  
And never got past sixty-nine.

There was a young lady from Munich,  
Who was ravished one night by a eunuch,  
At the height of her passion, he slipped her a ration,  
From a squirt gun concealed in his tunic.

A woman from South Carolina,  
Placed fiddle strings 'cross her vagina,  
With proper sized cocks, what was sex, became Bach's  
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor.

An unfortunate fellow named Chase,  
Had an ass that was badly misplaced,  
He showed indignation when an investigation,  
Proved that few persons shit through their face.

A certain young maiden from Babylon,  
Decided to lure all the rabble on,  
By dropping her shirt and raising her skirt,  
Exposing a market to dabble-on.

There once was a rabbi from Keith,  
Who circumcised men with his teeth.  
It was not for the treasure, nor sexual pleasure,  
But to get at the cheese underneath.

While Titian was mixing rose madder,  
He espied a nude girl on a ladder.  
Her position to Titian suggested coition,  
So he climed up the ladder and had 'er.

There was a young lady called Annie,  
Who had fleas, lice, and crabs up her fanny,  
To get up her flue was like touring the zoo,  
There were beasties in each nook and cranny.

There was an old whore from the Azores,  
Whose cunt was all covered in sores  
Even dogs in the street wouldn't touch the green meat,  
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Assizes,  
Whose breasts were of two different sizes,  
The left one was small, sweet nothing at all,  
The right one was large and won prizes.

There was a young man of Koblenz,  
The size of whose balls was immense,  
One day playing soccer, he sprung his left knocker,  
And kicked it right over the fence.

There was a young lady named Alice,  
Who used dynamite for a phallus,  
They found her vagina in North Carolina,  
Her asshole in Buckingham Palace.

There once was a lady from Arden,  
Who sucked a man off in a garden,  
He said, "My dear Flo, where does all that stuff go?"  
And she said (GULP) "I beg pardon?"

There was a young fellow named Babitt,  
Who could screw nine times like a rabbit,  
But a girl from Lahore could do it twice more,  
Which was just enough extra to crab it.

A lady astrologist in Vancouver,  
Once captured a man by maneuver.  
Influenced by Venus, she jumped on his penis,  
And nothing on Earth could remove her.

There was a young lady of Dexter,  
Whose husband exceedingly vexed her,  
For whenever they'd start, he'd unfailingly fart  
With a blast that damn nearly unsexed her.

There was a young lady from France,  
Who decided to take just one chance.  
For an hour or so, she just let herself go,  
And now all her sisters are aunts.

An Eskimo on his vacation,  
Took a night off to succumb to temptation.  
'Ere the night was half through, the Eskimo was, too,  
For their nights are of six months' duration.

There once was a Duchess of Bruges,  
Whose cunt was incredibly huge,  
Said the King to his Dame, as he thunderously came,  
"Mon Dieu! Apres moi, le deluge!"

Sir Reginald Basington Bart,  
Went to a masked ball as a fart,  
He had painted his face like a more private place,  
And his voice made the dowagers start.

There was a young trucker named Briard,  
Who had a young whore that he hired  
To fuck when not trucking, but trucking plus fucking  
Got him so fucking tired he got fired.

There was a young sailor named Bates,  
Who did the fandango on skates,  
He fell on his cutlass, which rendered him nutless,  
And practically useless on dates.

I once knew a girl named Maureen,  
Her cunt was a mass of gangrene,  
But health nuts, she found, would still eat her mound,  
'Cause maggots are high in protein.

There once was a whore on the dock,  
From dusk unti dawn she sucked cock,  
Till one day, 'tis said, she gave so much head,  
She exploded and whitewashed the dock.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno,  
Said, "Fucking is one thing I do know,  
A woman is fine, and sheep are divine,  
But a llama is numero uno."

There was a young man from Bengal,  
Who had a rectangular ball,  
The square of its weight, plus his penis times eight,  
Was two-fifths of five-eighths of fuck all.

There once was a fellow from Beverly,  
Went in for fucking quite heavily,  
He fucked night and day till his ballocks gave way,  
But the doctors replaced them quite cleverly.

There once was a Bishop of Buckingham,  
Who wrote "Assholes and Twelve Ways of Rooting 'em,"  
He then went berserk when outdone by a Turk,  
Who wrote "Goats and Twelve Ways of Fucking 'em."

When her daughter got married in Bicester,  
Her mother remarked as she kissed her,  
"That fellow you've won is sure to be fun,  
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister."

Then there was the Bishop of Birmingham,  
Who diddled the nuns while confirming 'em,  
He'd bring them indoors and pull down their drawers,  
And slip his Episcopal worm in 'em.

There was a young man of Bombay,  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay,  
But the heat of his prick turned the clay into brick,  
And it rubbed his foreskin away.

There was a young man of Trieste,  
Who loved his young wife with such zest,  
Despite all her howls he sucked out her bowels,  
And puked up the mess on her chest.

There once was a young man from Boston,  
Who traded his car for an Austin,  
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas,  
But his balls hung outside and he lost 'em.

There was a young sailor from Brighton,  
Who said to his girl, "You're a tight 'un."  
She replied, "'Pon my soul, you're in the wrong hole,  
There's plenty of room in the right 'un."

There was a young lady named Brent,  
With a cunt of enormous extent,  
And so deep and wide the acoustics inside  
Were so good you could hear when you spent.

There once was a Queen of Bulgaria,  
Whose bush had grown hairier and hairier,  
Till a Prince from Peru who came for a screw,  
Had to hunt for her cunt with a terrier.

There was a young girl who begat,  
Triplets called Nat, Pat, and Tat,  
It was fun in the breeding, but hell in the feeding,  
When she found she had no tit for Tat.

A poofter from old Khartoum,  
Lured two lesbians up to his room,  
They argued all night over who had the right,  
To do what, and with which, and to whom.

A nasty old bugger of Cheltenham,  
Once shit in his bags as he knelt in 'em,  
He sold them at Ware to a gentleman there,  
Who didn't much like what he smelt in 'em.

There once was a man of Cape Nod,  
Who attempted to bugger a cod,  
When up came some scallops, that nibbled his ballocks,  
And now he's a eunuch, by God.

There was a young woman of Chester,  
Who said to the man who undressed her,  
"I think you will find, that it's better behind,  
As the front is beginning to fester."

There was a young woman of Croft,  
Who played with herself in the loft,  
Having reasoned that candles could never cause scandals,  
Besides which they did not go soft.

A policeman from near Clapham Junction,  
Had a penis which just wouldn't function,  
For the rest of his life he misled his poor wife,  
With a snot on the end of his truncheon.

There was a young lady of Cheam  
Who crept into the vestry unseen,  
She pulled down her knickers, and likewise the vicar's,  
And said, "How about it, old bean?"

A pretty young thing from Cape Cod,  
Said, "Good things come only from God,"  
But 'twas not the Almighty who lifted her nightie,  
But Roger, the lodger, the sod.

There was a young man from Killeen,  
Who invented a fucking machine,  
He pulled out the choke and the bloody thing broke,  
And mixed both his balls into cream.

A lady while dining at Crewe,  
Found an elephant's dong in her stew,  
Said the waiter, "Don't shout, or wave it about,  
Or the others will all want one, too."

King Louis, the exemplar of class,  
One time was romancing a lass,  
When she used the word, "Damn," he rebuked her, "Please ma'am,  
Keep a more civil tongue up my ass."

There was an old man of Duluth,  
Whose cock was shot off in his youth,  
He fucked with his nose, and with fingers and toes,  
And he came through a hole in his tooth.

There was a young lady of Kew,  
Who said as the Bishop withdrew,  
"The Vicar is slicker, and quicker and thicker,  
And two inches longer than you."

A habit both vile and unsavory,  
Kept the Bishop of London in slavery,  
With lecherous howls he deflowered the owls  
He kept in an underground aviary.

There was a young couple named Kelly,  
Who were found stuck belly to belly,  
Because in their haste they used library paste,  
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young lady of Trail,  
Who offered her body for sale,  
She was kind to the blind, for on her behind,  
Her prices were written in Braille.

A clever young harlot from Kew,  
Filled up her vagina with glue,  
She said, with a grin, "If they'll pay to get in,  
They can pay to get out of it too."

There was a young fellow from Kent,  
Whose tool was most horribly bent,  
To save himself trouble he put it in double,  
And instead of coming, he went.



There was a young man of Nantucket,  
Whose prick was so long he could suck it,  
He said with a grin as he wiped off his chin,  
"If my ear were I cunt, I'd fuck it."

A man on a farm in Moritz,  
Once planted two acres of titz,  
They came up in the fall, pink nipples and all,  
Then he leisurely chewed them to bitz.

To his bride said the one-eyed detective,  
"Can it be that my eyesight's defective?  
Has your east tit the least bit, the best of your west tit,  
Or is it a trick of perspective?"

A hillbilly farmer named Hollis,  
With possums and snakes sought his solace.  
His children had scales and prehensile tails,  
And voted for Governor Wallace.

There once was a man from Newcastle,  
Who had a collapsible asshole.  
It was handy, you see, when he farted at sea,  
He could bend down and make up a parcel.

There was a young man from Devizes,  
Whose ballocks were two different sizes.  
One weighed a full pound and dragged on the ground,  
The other was large as a fly's is.

An insatiable nymph from Penzance,  
Traveled by train to South France.  
Five others fucked her besides the conductor,  
And the engineer came in his pants.

A lady who lived in South Mimms,  
Had the most overwhelming of quims.  
The priest of the diocese has elephantiasis,  
So it wasn't all singing and hymns.

There was a young fellow from Nottingham,  
Who saved up tin cans and put snot in 'em.  
He threw in some shit to spice it a bit,  
And sold 'em to boys, who shot off in 'em.

There was a young girl from Bahia,  
Who liked sticking flutes up her rea-ha.  
After eating escargots she could fart Handel's "Largo,"  
Her encore was "Ave Maria."

There was a young fellow from Stroud,  
Who could fart unbelievably loud.  
When he let go a big 'un, dogs were deafened in Wigan,  
And the windowpanes shattered in Oudh.

There once was a sheik from Algiers,  
Who said to his harem, "My dears,  
You may think it odd of me, but I've given up sodomy,  
And taken up fucking." Three cheers!

A randy young buck of Lahore,  
Was asked when he rogered his whore.  
He said "At eleven, at three, five, and seven,  
And eight, and a quarter past four."

There once was an monk from Siberia,  
Who seemed to get wearier and wearier.  
No wonder; this monk was sharing his bunk  
Each night with the Mother Superior.

There was a young lady named Hilda,  
Who went for a walk with a builder.  
He knew that he could, and he should, and he would,  
And he did, and he goddamn near killed her.

A chap down in old Oklahoma,  
Had a cock that could sing "La Paloma."  
But the sweetness of pitch couldn't put off the hitch,  
Of impotence, size, and aroma.

A disgusting young lad named McGill,  
Made his neighbors exceedingly ill  
When they learned of his habits involving white rabbits,  
And a bird with a flexible bill.

There was a young girl named McCall,  
Whose cunt was exceedingly small.  
But the size of her anus was something quite heinous,  
It could hold seven pricks and one ball.

A broken down harlot named Tupps,  
Was heard to confess over cups,  
"The height of my folly was fucking a collie,  
But I got a nice price for the pups."

The handsome young plumber McGee,  
Was plumbing a girl by the sea.  
She said, "Stop your plumbing, there's somebody coming!"  
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me."

There was a young parson named Bings,  
Who talked about women and things.  
But his secret desire was a boy in the choir,  
With a bottom like jelly on springs.

An elderly pervert in Nice,  
Was long past wanting a piece.  
He jacked off his hogs, his cow, and his dogs,  
Till his parrot called in the police.

There was a young girl of Devon,  
Who was raped in the garden by seven  
High Anglican priests, the lascivious beasts,  
Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

The last time I dined with the King,  
He did a curious thing.  
He stood on a stool and took out his tool,  
And said, "If I play, will you sing?"

There was a young lady from Natchez,  
Who happened to be born with two snatches.  
She said, with some wit, "I'd give either tit,  
For a man with equipment that matches."

There once was a lady from Wheeling,  
Who claimed she lacked sexual feeling.  
Till a fella named Boris touched her clitoris,  
And they scraped her off of the ceiling.

There once was a man named McSweeney,  
Who once spilled some gin on his weenie.  
Now, just to be couth, he added vermouth,  
And slipped his girl a martini.

We recall with the fondest of ease  
The front aperture of Louise.  
Tho' shaped like a funnel, 'twas large as a tunnel  
With a space for a flying trapeze.

There was a young lady at sea,  
Who complained that it hurt her to pee.  
Said the brawny old mate, "That accounts for the state,  
Of the cook and the captain and me."

An inventor of genius named Moore,  
Made himself a mechanical whore.  
But he failed when he wooed her, she unscrewed as he screwed her,  
And her clit clattered down to the floor.

A self-centered sugar named Perkins,  
Would work off her urges with gherkins.  
Until, with a skid, inside her one slid,  
And pickled her internal workin's.

One evening a guru had coitus,  
With an actress, a whore and a poetess.  
When asked what position he used for coition,  
He answered serenely, "The lotus."

Cried an overhung fellow named Bowen,  
"My pecker keeps growin' and growin'.  
It's got so tremendulous, so long and so pendulous,  
It's no good for pecking . . . just showin'!"

There once was a fellow named Potts,  
Who was prone to having the trots.  
But his humble abode was without a commode,  
So his carpet was covered with spots.

A pretty young lady named Vogel,  
Once sat herself down on a molehill.  
A curious mole nosed into her hole--  
Ms. Vogel's okay, but the mole's ill.

There was a young man named Crockett,  
Whose balls got caught in a socket.  
His wife--what a bitch--threw the switch,  
As Crockett went off like a rocket.

On a cannibal isle near Malaysia,  
Lives a lady they call Anastasia.  
Not Russian elite--she's eager to eat  
Whatever or whoever lays her.

There was a young girl from Hong Kong  
Whose cervical cap was a gong.  
She said with a yell, as a shot rang her bell,  
"I'll give you a ding for a dong!"

There once was a man named Howells,  
Who sucked shit from other mens' bowels.  
He also did this with prostitutes' piss,  
And the drippings from sanitary towels!

A nervous old codger named Royce  
Couldn't control his sphincter by choice.  
So he speedily strode to his favorite commode,  
Blew his nose, blew his ass, and rejoiced.

There once was a man from Los Leaver  
Who had an affair with a beaver.  
The results of that fuck were a canvas-backed duck,  
Two canoes, and a golden retriever.

A languid young man from Racine  
Wasn't weaned until nearly sixteen.  
He said, "I'll admit there's no milk in the tit,  
But think of the fun it has been."

There was a young fellow from Sparta  
Who was the world's champion farter,  
On the strength of one bean he'd fart God Save the Queen,  
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

He could vary, with proper persuasion,  
His fart to suit any occasion.  
He could fart like a flute, like a lark, like a lute,  
This highly fartistic Caucasian.

He'd fart a gavotte for a starter,  
And fizzle a fine serenata.  
He could play on his anus the Coriolanus:  
Oof, boom, er-tum, tootle, hum tah-dah!

He was great in the Christmas Cantata,  
He could double-stop fart The Toccata,  
He'd boom from his ass Bach's B-Minor Mass,  
And in counterpoint, La Traviata.

Spurred on by a very high wager  
With an envious Sergeant Major,  
He proceeded to fart the complete oboe part  
Of the Hayden Octet in B-Major.

It went off in capital style,  
And he farted it through with a smile;  
Then, feeling quite jolly, he tried the finale  
Blowing double-stopped farts all the while.

The selection was tough, I admit,  
But it did not dismay him one bit,  
'Til with ass thrown aloft he suddenly coughed --  
And collapsed in a shower of shit!

#### *THE LUMBERJACK SONG*

I'm a lumberjack and I'm O.K.,  
I sleep all night and I work all day.  
*He's a lumberjack, and he's O.K.*  
*He sleeps all night and he works all day.*

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch  
I go to the lavatory.  
On Wednesdays I go shopping  
And have buttered scones for tea.  
*He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch*  
*He goes to the lavatory.*  
*On Wednesdays he goes shopping*  
*And has buttered scones for tea.*  
*He's a lumberjack, and he's O.K.*  
*He sleeps all night and he works all day.*

I cut down trees, I skip and jump  
I like to press wild flowers  
I put on women's clothing  
And hang around in bars.  
*He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps*  
*He likes to press wild flowers*

*He puts on women's clothing  
And hangs around in bars?  
He's a lumberjack, and he's O.K.  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.*

**I cut down trees, I wear high heels  
Suspendies and a bra  
I wish I'd been a girlie  
Just like my dear pappa.  
*He cuts down trees, he wear high heels?  
Suspendies...and a bra?  
...He's a lumberjack, and he's O.K.  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.***

### **MAGIC MOMENTS**

*Chorus: Magic moments when two hearts are sharing  
Magic moments filled with love*

**I'll never forget the smell of the sweat from her armpits  
The smell of her crotch as much too much I just couldn't stand it**

**Chorus**

**We went to a park just for a lark I pissed on the flowers  
We sat on a bench I fingered the wench for hours and hours**

**Chorus**

**Remember the night I got in a fight with my best suit on  
The one that I got from saving a lot of embassy coupons**

**Chorus**

**Remember the day we lay in they bay without any clothes on  
You picked up a stick and battered my dick and now I ain't got one**

**Chorus**

**Remember the night I fell in the shite with my best suit on  
The one that I got from saving a lot of embassy coupons**

**Chorus**

Remember the day we had it away I gave you a shilling  
The dose that you got required a lot of the doc's penicillin

Chorus

*MARY ANN BARNES*

Mary Ann Barnes is the queen of all the acrobats,  
She can do tricks that will give a man the shits.  
She can shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice,  
Do a somersault and catch 'em on her tits.  
She's a great big fat shit, twice as big as me,  
Hair on her ass like the branches in a tree,  
She can shoot, suck, fight, fuck,  
Climb a tree or drive a truck,  
Mary Ann Barnes is the girl for me!

*MARY MAC*

There's a nice wee lass and her name is Mary Mac,  
Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna take  
There's a lot of other chaps that wanna get up on her track,  
But I'm thinking that they'd have to get up early.

*Chorus: Mary Mac's father's making Mary Mac marry me,  
My father's making me marry Mary Mac,  
I'm gonna marry Mary to get married and take care of me  
And we'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mac.*

Now this wee lass she's got a lot of brass,  
She's got a lot of gas, and her father thinks I'm class,  
So I'd be a silly ass to let the matter pass,  
Her father thinks she suits me pretty fairly.

Now Mary and her mother gain an awful lot together  
In fact you never see the one without the other  
And the fellows often wonder if it's Mary or the mother  
Or the both of them together that I'm courtin'.

Now the wedding day's on Wednesday and everything's arranged  
Her name will soon be changed to mine unless her mind be changed  
And were making the arrangements and I'm just a bit deranged  
For marriage is an awful undertakin'.



It's sure to be a grand affair and grander than a fair  
There's gonna be a coach and pair for every couple there  
We'll dine upon the finest fare I'm sure to get my share,  
If I don't we'll all be very much mistaken.

***THE MASTURBATION SONG***

(Tune: Finicule Finecula)

Last night, I stayed up late a-masturbating,  
It felt so good--I knew it would.  
All night, I stayed up late a-masturbating,  
It felt so nice--I did it twice.

Oh, you should see me pulling on the long strokes,  
It felt so grand--I used my hand.  
Oh, you should see me pulling on the short strokes,  
It felt so neat--I used my feet.

Beat it, smash it, throw it to the floor  
Wrap it around the bed post, slam it in the door  
Some ordinary folks I know would rather fornicate,  
I just want to sit around the house and masturbate.

***MAYOR OF BAYSWATER'S DAUGHTER (THE HAIR ON HER DICKIE-DI-DO)***

(Tune: The Ash Grove)

The Mayor of Bayswater  
He has a lovely daughter,  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

If she was my daughter  
I'd have them cut shorter,  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

*Chorus:*

*To her knees, to her knees,  
And the hairs on her dicky-di-do hang down to her knees.*

I've smelt it, I've felt it,  
It's just like a bit of velvet.

And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

I've seen it, I've tweened it,  
I've been in-between it,  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

'twould take a Brontosaurus  
To lick her clitoris  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

You'd need a coal miner,  
To find her vagina  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

She climbed on a mountain  
And pissed like a bloody fountain,  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

One black one, one white one,  
And one with a bit of shit on,  
And the hairs on her dicky-di-do,  
Hang down to her knees.

I stroked 'em and poked 'em,  
I rolled 'em and smoked 'em  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

She stayed on a cattle ranch,  
And came like a bloody avalanche  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

She says she is not a whore,  
But she bangs like a shithouse door  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

She lives on malted milkshake,  
And roots like a bloody rattlesnake

And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

She married an Italian,  
With balls like a fucking stallion  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

She divorced the Italian,  
And married the stallion  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

She married a Spaniard,  
With a prick like a bloody lanyard  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

She divorced the Spaniard,  
And ran off with the bloody lanyard  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

The aroma it lingers,  
It smells like fish fingers  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

She stayed in Seattle,  
And went down on cattle  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-do  
Hang down to her knees.

## *MEN*

*Chorus (continuously): Men, men, men, men, men, men, men, men . . .*

Oh, it's fun to be on a ship with men,  
And sail across the sea,  
We don't know where we'll land, or when,  
But still it's fun to be,  
On a ship with men at sea.

There's men above and men below,

And men down in the galley.  
There's Butch and Spike,  
And Tom and Sam,  
And one that we call Sally,  
One that we call Sally (effeminately).

Oh, we are brave and we are bold,  
And none of us are sissies.  
Each night we lay down in our bunks,  
And blow each other kissies (effeminately).

### ***MISS LEE'S HOOCHIE***

(Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike)

I went to Seoul City, and there met Miss Lee,  
She said for a short time, oh come sleep with me.  
We went to Lee's hoochie, a room with hot floors,  
I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door.

She took off her long johns, and rolled out the pad,  
I gave her ten thousand, twas all that I had.  
Her breath smelt of kimchee, her bosoms were flat,  
No hair on her pussy, now how about that?

I asked to go benjo, she led me outside,  
I reached for Old Smokey, he crawled back inside.  
I rushed to the medics, cried "What shall I do?"  
The doc was dumbfounded, Old Smokey was blue.

Now when you're in Seoul on your next three-day pass,  
Don't go to Lee's hoochie, sit flat on your ass.  
Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you,  
But better the red ass, then Old Smokey blue.

### ***MOLLY MALONE (COCKLES AND MUSSELS)***

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone  
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

*Chorus: Alive, alive oh, alive, alive oh,*

*Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"*

She was a fishmonger and sure 'twas no wonder  
For so were her mother and father before.  
And they each wheeled their barrow through streets wide and narrow,  
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

She died of a fever and no one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow through streets wide and narrow,  
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

### *MONKEY FARTS*

My father came here from Ireland,  
He was quiet but they said that he was wise.  
He and mother did their best, gave us a home and all the rest,  
But to talk to us he never had the time.  
Sure, he'd say "Pass the butter," or "Come here young man,"  
Or "Keep quiet," or "No, you can't have a dime."  
Until the day when I was leavin' when dad finally found a reason  
For sharing his philosophy of life...

*Chorus: He said "A monkey fart should smell like a banana,  
An English fart should smell like cups of tea.  
The farting of a fairy should be very light and airy,  
When a father farts I hope you'll think of me.  
An Irish fart should always lilt with laughter,  
It should melt your heart and melt your shorts as well.  
A lion's roars with power, cuckoos should fart every hour,  
A nun's fart should have meaning but no smell.  
A strong man's fart should sound out like a trumpet,  
A pretty girl's should barely even squeak,  
But the man that you can trust is the one who'd rather bust  
Than ever let one slip right on the street.*

Well, from my old man this really was an earful,  
I tried to understand just what he meant;  
His words were primitive but strong so I wouldn't get them wrong,  
He was saying to be careful as I went.  
He was saying to be happy as I could be,  
He was saying watch my step and as I pass,  
To beware who I look up to, and whatever else I might do,  
Know that most of what you get from folks is just escaping gas...  
(Chorus)

## **MOOSE SONG**

(Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike)

When I was a young lad I used to like girls,  
I'd fondle their corsets and play with their curls,  
But my true love ran off with a classmate named Bruce,  
I never got treated that way by a moose.

*Chorus:*

*Moose, moose, I likes a moose,  
I've never had anything quite like a moose,  
I've had lots of lovers, my life has been loose,  
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.*

When I'm in the mood for a very fine lay,  
I go to the closet and pull out some hay,  
I open the window and spread it around,  
'Cause moose always come when there's hay on the ground.

Women like dresses and diamonds and cars,  
I spend all my money on women in bars,  
But a moose is content to be tied to a tree,  
While I find other mooses to satisfy me.

Now gorillas are fine for a Saturday night,  
And lions and tigers, they puts up a fight,  
But it just ain't the same when you slams your caboose  
As the feeling you gets when you humps with a moose.

I've done it with beasties with long flowing hair,  
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs were not there,  
I've made it with walrus, two ducks and a goose,  
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

I've tried many beasties on land or on sea  
I've even tried hump-backs that humped back on me!  
Sharks are quite good, tho they're hard to pull loose  
But on dry land there is nothing quite like a moose!

Step in my study, and trophies you'll find  
A black striped tiger and scruffy maned lion  
You'll know the elephant by his ivory tooth  
And the one that's a-winking, you know is the moose!

The lion succumbed to a thirty-ought-six  
Machine guns and tigers I've proved do not mix  
The elephant fell by a bomb with a fuse  
But I won't tell a soul how I did in the moose!

Now I've broken the laws in this god-awful state  
They've put me in prison and locked up the gate  
They say that tomorrow I'll swing from a noose  
But my last night I'll spend with a good sexy moose!

Well, now that I'm old and advanced in my years,  
When I look at my past I'll shed me no tears,  
As I sit in my rocker with a glass of Mateus,  
Playing hide the salami with Millie the Moose!

### *THE MOOTW HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC*

Mine eyes have seen the sorrow of the morning intel brief,  
A tale of woe and suffering and tragic human grief;  
So now we're doing NEO and delivering relief!  
It's war--no, it's not! What the Hell??

*Chorus: Glory, glory, mobilization!  
Time to save another nation!  
Bring relief to Kurds and Hatians!  
It's war--no, it's not! What the Hell?*

The general says it's time to pack our A-Bags once again,  
get ready for the mission, doesn't matter where or when;  
but we know that the boss gets his commands from CNN!  
It's war--no, it's not! What the Hell??

The Aviano flyers waste their time and waste their skills  
drilling circles in the sky and bombing empty hills;  
O'Grady got a book deal, but the rest of us got nil!  
It's war--no, it's not! What the hell?

Somalia exploded and the news reporters said,  
"You've got to feed the hungry, there's enough already dead."  
But now we're under fire from the people that we fed!  
It's war--no, it's not! What the Hell??

Then came the fateful order to get ready for Zaire,

Another JTF to further somebody's career.  
It's so bad CNN sent Christiana Amanpour!  
It's war--no, it's not! What the Hell??

Civilians give us shit and cut our budget to the bone;  
they treat us like we're lepers or official Al Capones--  
until they need some press, or need another No-Fly Zone!  
It's war--no, it's not! What the Hell??

We used to guard the world from Soviets and Red Chinese,  
we've battled Cubans, North Koreans, and Vietnamese;  
but now we're fit for nothing more than feeding refugees!  
It's war--no, it's not! What the Hell??

### *THE MOUSE SONG*

The liquor was spilt on the barroom floor,  
And the bar was closed for the night,  
When out of his hole came a little brown mouse,  
And he sat in the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor,  
And on his haunches he sat,  
And all night long you could hear him roar,  
“BRING ON YER GODDAM CAT! HIC! CAT! HIC! CAT!”

### *MY NAME IS JACK*

My name is Jack, tiddly ack, tiddly ack,  
I'm a necrophiliac, tiddly ack, tiddly ack,  
I fuck dead women  
And I fill them full of semen  
Oh do I get frustrated  
When women get cremated  
Burial's a must, 'cause you can't fuck dust!

### *NANCY BROWN*

Way out in West Virginia lived a gal named Nancy Brown,  
You ain't never seen such beauty in a city nor a town,  
Oh she lived up in the mountain,  
Yes she lived up in the mountain,



Oh she lived up in the mountain mighty high.  
And so it is related, not a bit contaminated,  
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Now there came the local cowboy with his guitar and his song,  
He took Nancy to the mountain but she still knew right from wrong,  
She came rollin' down the mountain,  
She came rollin' down the mountain,  
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty fine.  
And despite that cowboy's urgin' she remained the village virgin,  
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Then there came the village deacon with his phrases sweet and kind,  
He took Nancy to the mountain but she still could read his mind,  
She came rollin' down the mountain,  
She came rollin' down the mountain,  
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty fine.  
And they say that that there deacon didn't get what he was seekin',  
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

But there came the city slicker with his thousand dollar bills,  
He put Nancy in his Packard and drove up in them thar hills,  
Oh they stayed up on the mountain,  
She was laid upon the mountain,  
Oh they stayed up on the mountain all that night.  
She came down next mornin' early more a woman than a girl,  
And her mother kicked the hussy out of sight.

*Slow:* Now the end of our ditty finds Nancy in the city,  
And by all accounts she's doin' mighty swell,  
For she's winin', and she's dinin',  
And she's on her back reclinin',  
And those West Virginia skies can go to hell.

*Normal tempo:* But there came the big Depression, caught our slicker by the pants,  
He had to sell his Packard and give up his little Nance,  
So she went back to the mountain,  
Yes she went back to the mountain,  
Oh she went back to the mountain mighty sore.  
Now the cowboy and the deacon get the thing that they were seekin',  
For she's nothing but a West Virginia whore.

***NO BALLS AT ALL***

(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

Come all you young drunkards give ear to my tale,  
I'll tell you a story that will make you turn pale,  
It's about a young lady so pretty and small,  
Who married a man who had no balls at all.  
*No balls at all, no balls at all,  
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.*

"Oh mother, oh mother, oh pity my luck,  
I've married a man who's unable to fuck,  
His toolbag is empty, his screwdriver's small,  
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all."  
*No balls at all, no balls at all,  
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all.*

"My daughter, my daughter, don't be so sad,  
I had the same problem with your dear old dad,  
But there's many a man who'll give ear to the call,  
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all."  
*No balls at all, no balls at all,  
To the wife of a man who has no balls at all.*

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice,  
And she thought the whole thing was exceedingly nice,  
An eighteen pound baby was born in the fall,  
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all.  
*No balls at all, no balls at all,  
The poor little bastard had no balls at all.*

### ***NONE IS BIGGER THAN MINE***

Three old whores from Baltimore  
Were drinking sherry wine,  
And one of them says to the other two,  
"None is bigger than mine."

*Chorus:*  
*So haul on the sheets me hearties,*  
*Sprinkle the decks with brine,*  
*Bend to the oars, you lousy whores,*  
*None is bigger than mine.*

"You're a liar," said the second old whore,  
"Mine's as big as the sea.  
The ships sail in and the ships sail out,

With nary a tickle to me."

"You're a liar," said the third old whore,  
"I've had me a thousand men.  
There's some go by and there's some go in,  
And there's some what never come out again."

"You're both liars," said the first old whore,  
"Mine's as big as the air.  
Why the sun could set in the crack of my cunt,  
And never burn a pubic hair."

### ***THE OLD DEPARTMENT STORE***

(Tune: The Bear Went Over the Mountain)

#### ***Chorus***

*I used to work in Chicago  
In the old department store.  
I used to work in Chicago,  
I don't work there anymore.*

A woman came in for a hammer,  
    *A hammer from the store?*  
A hammer she wanted, nailed she got,  
I don't work there anymore.

#### ***More verses:***

*Some nails... screwed  
Some paper... a ream  
A screen door... the back door she got  
Some meat... my sausage she got  
A hammer... banged she got  
A carpet... shagged she got  
Fishing wire... my rod she got  
Some beef... porked she got  
A Camel... humped she got  
A helicopter... my chopper she got  
An elevator... my shaft she got  
A KitKat... four fingers she got  
Some wool... felt she got  
Some rubber nipples... rub her nipples I did  
Some whiskey she wanted... liquor I did  
Some floppy disks... a hard drive she got  
Some china... my bone she got  
Some stockings... a hosing she got*

*Some Drano... clean pipes she got  
Some tires... rimmed she got  
Glazed donut she wanted... cream-filled she got  
A watchspring she wanted... boinged she got  
A T-bone she wanted... boneless round she got  
Some toy sailors she wanted... semen she got  
A Dickens novel... my Longfellow she got  
Some lobster... crabs she got  
Some film... exposed she got  
A lady came in for a video... Free Willy she wanted, free willie I did  
Fuck she wanted, fuck she got!*

### **THE OLD DUN COW**

Some friends and I in a public house  
Were playing dominoes one night,  
When in through the door a fireman rushed,  
His face all chalky white.  
“What’s up?” says Brown, “Have you seen a ghost?  
Have you seen your Aunt Moriah?”  
“Me Aunt Moriah be buggered!” says he,  
“The bleedin’ pub’s on fire!”

“On fire!” says Brown, “What a bit of luck!  
Everybody follow me;  
We’ll go to the cellar, if the fire’s not there,  
We’ll have a grand old spree.  
So we all went down with good ol’ Brown,  
And the liquor we could not miss,  
And we weren’t there ten minutes more  
When we were all quite pissed.

*Chorus: Oh, there was Brown (WHERE?), Upside-down,  
Mopping up the whiskey on the floor,  
“BOOZE! BOOZE!” the firemen cried,  
As they came knocking on the door. KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK  
Oh, don’t let ‘em in ‘till it’s all mopped up,  
Somebody shouted “MacKintyre” MACKINTYRE!  
And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk when the Old Dun Cow caught fire.*

Now Tom ran over to the port wine tub,  
And gave it a few hard knocks,  
He started taking off his pantaloons,  
Likewise his shoes and socks.  
“Now look,” says Brown, “If you want to wash yer feet,

Now let's get one thing clear,  
You don't put your trotters in the port wine tub  
When we've got some old stale beer."

Then all of a sudden there was such a bloody crash,  
Half the bleedin' roof gave way,  
We were soaked in the fireman's hose,  
But still we felt quite gay.  
We got some sacks and some old tin tacks,  
And we pinned ourselves inside.  
And we all got drinking fine old ale,  
Until we were bleary eyed.

### *OLD KING COLE*

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,  
He called for his wife in the middle of the night, and he called for his fiddlers three.  
Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle, and a very fine fiddle had he,  
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee, said the fiddlers,  
What merry merry men are we,  
There's none so fair as can compare,  
With the \_\_\_\_\_.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,  
He called for his wife in the middle of the night, and he called for his tailors three.  
Now every tailor had a very fine needle, and a very fine needle had he,  
Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,  
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee, said the fiddlers,  
What merry merry men are we,  
There's none so fair as can compare,  
With the \_\_\_\_\_.

The jugglers had two very fine balls: throw your balls in the air  
The butchers had choppers: put it on the block, chop it off.  
The barmaids had candles: pull it out, pull it out, pull it out.  
The cyclists had pedals: round and round, round and round  
The flutists had flutes: root diddly-oot-diddly-oot.  
The painters had brushes: wop it up and down, up and down.  
The horsemen had saddles: ride it up and down, up and down.  
The carpenters had hammers: bang away, bang away, bang away.  
The surgeons had knives: cut it round the knob, make it throb.  
The parsons had very great alarm: goodness gracious me.  
The fishermen had rods: mine is six feet long.  
The huntsmen had horns: wake up in the morn with a horn.

The coalmen had sacks: want it in the front or the back?

### **OLD KING COLE (RAF VERSION)**

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
and a merry old soul was he,  
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,  
And he called for his pilots three.  
And every pilot was a fine chap,  
And a very fine chap was he.  
“I don’t give two fucks” said the pilots,  
Merry merry men are we,  
There’s none so far as can compare to the boys of the RFC.

How’s your father?	ALL RIGHT!
How’s your mother?	SHE’S TIGHT!
How’s your sister?	SHE MIGHT!
When’s the last time?	LAST NIGHT!
When’s the next time?	TO-NIGHT!
Hail Britannia, with marmelade and jam,	
Five Chinese crackers up your asshole,	
BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM.	

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
and a merry old soul was he,  
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,  
And he called for his navigators three.  
And every navigator was a fine chap,  
And a very fine chap was he.  
“Ten miles off our track” said the navigators,  
“I don’t give two fucks” said the pilots,  
Merry merry men are we,  
There’s none so far as can compare to the boys of the RFC.

How’s your father?	ALL RIGHT!
How’s your mother?	SHE’S TIGHT!
How’s your sister?	SHE MIGHT!
When’s the last time?	LAST NIGHT!
When’s the next time?	TO-NIGHT!
Hail Britannia, with marmelade and jam,	
Four Chinese crackers up your asshole,	
BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM...	

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
and a merry old soul was he,  
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,  
And he called for his engineers three.  
And every engineer was a fine chap,  
And a very fine chap was he.  
“Port-side engine’s out” said the engineers,  
“Ten miles off our track” said the navigators,  
“I don’t give two fucks” said the pilots,  
Merry merry men are we,  
There’s none so far as can compare to the boys of the RFC.

How’s your father?	ALL RIGHT!
How’s your mother?	SHE’S TIGHT!
How’s your sister?	SHE MIGHT!
When’s the last time?	LAST NIGHT!
When’s the next time?	TO-NIGHT!

Hail Britannia, with marmelade and jam,  
Three Chinese crackers up your asshole,  
BAM...BAM...BAM

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
and a merry old soul was he,  
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,  
And he called for his tail-gunners three.  
And every tail-gunner was a fine chap,  
And a very fine chap was he.  
“RATA-TATA-RATA-TATA-TAT” said the tailgunners,  
“Port-side engine’s out” said the engineers,  
“Ten miles off our track” said the navigators,  
“I don’t give two fucks” said the pilots,  
Merry merry men are we,  
There’s none so far as can compare to the boys of the RFC.

How’s your father?	ALL RIGHT!
How’s your mother?	SHE’S TIGHT!
How’s your sister?	SHE MIGHT!
When’s the last time?	LAST NIGHT!
When’s the next time?	TO-NIGHT!

Hail Britannia, with marmelade and jam,  
Two Chinese crackers up your asshole,  
BAM...BAM...

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
and a merry old soul was he,

He called for his wife in the middle of the night,  
And he called for his adminers three.  
And every adminer was a fine chap,  
And a very fine chap was he.  
“Nif-naf-nif-naf-naf” said the adminers,  
“RATA-TATA-RATA-TATA-TAT” said the tailgunners,  
“Port-side engine’s out” said the engineers,  
“Ten miles off our track” said the navigators,  
“I don’t give two fucks” said the pilots,  
Merry merry men are we,  
There’s none so far as can compare to the boys of the RFC.

How’s your father?	ALL RIGHT!
How’s your mother?	SHE’S TIGHT!
How’s your sister?	SHE MIGHT!
When’s the last time?	LAST NIGHT!
When’s the next time?	TO-NIGHT!

Hail Britannia, with marmelade and jam,  
One Chinese crackers up your asshole,  
BAM!

*THE PENIS SONG (The not Noel Coward song)*

(spoken) Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.  
Here's a little number I tossed off recently in the Caribbean.

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis,  
Isn't it frightfully good to have a dong?  
It's swell to have a stiffy,  
It's divine to own a dick,  
From the tiniest little tadger,  
To the world's biggest prick.  
So three cheers for you willy or John Thomas,  
Hooray for your one-eyed trouser snake,  
Your piece of pork, Your wife's best friend,  
Your percy or your cock,  
You can wrap it up in ribbons,  
You can slip it in your sock,  
But don't take it out in public,  
Or they will stick you in the dock,  
And you won't come back.

(spoken) Thank you very much, yes, indeed.



### ***THE PHILOSOPHERS SONG***

(Monty Python)

**Immanuel Kant was a real pissant who was very rarely stable  
Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy beggar who could think you under the table  
David Hume could out-consume Schopenhauer and Hegel  
And Wittgenstein was a beery swine who was just as shloshed as Schlegel**

**There's nothing Nietzsche couldn't teach ya 'bout the raising of the wrist  
Socrates himself was permanently pissed**

**John Stuart Mill of his own free will on half a pint of shandy was particularly ill  
Plato they say could stick it away, half a crate of whiskey every day  
Aristotle, Aristotle was a bugger for the bottle, Hobbes was fond of his dram  
And Rene' Descartes was a drunken fart, "I drink, therefore I am"**

**Yes, Socrates himself is particularly missed,  
A lovely little thinker, but a bugger when he's pissed**

### ***THE PIONEERS***

(Tune: Son of a Gambolier)

**The pioneers have hairy ears,  
They piss through leather britches,  
They wipe their ass with broken glass,  
Those tough old sons of bitches.**

**When cunt is rare, they fuck a bear,  
They knife him if he snitches,  
They knock their cocks against the rocks,  
Those hardy sons of bitches.**

**They take their ass upon the grass,  
In bushes or in ditches,  
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,  
Those rough-hewn sons of bitches.**

**Without remorse, they fuck a horse,  
And beat him if he twitches,  
Their two-foot pricks are full of nicks,  
Those mean old sons of bitches.**

**To make a mule stand for the tool,**

They beat him with hickory switches,  
They use their pricks for walking sticks,  
Those gnarled old sons of bitches.

Great joy they reap from cornholing sheep,  
In barns, or bogs, or ditches,  
Nor give a damn if it be a ram,  
Those grimy sons of bitches.

They walk around, prick to the ground,  
And kick it if it itches,  
And if it throbs, they scratch it with cobs,  
Those mighty sons of bitches.

### ***PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN***

Please don't burn the shithouse down,  
Mother's willing to pay.  
My father's drunk and in the jail,  
Sister's in a motherly way.  
Brother dear is mighty queer,  
Times are fucking hard  
So please don't burn that shithouse down,  
We'll all have to shit in the yard  
Shit...in...the...yard!

### ***THE POETRY SONG***

(Tune: Chorus from The Little Brown Jug)

*This is performed in the same manner as the Limericks, with spoken verses and singing chorus, verses alternating around the circle*

***Chorus:***

***Poerty, poetry,  
How do you like my poerty?  
Not as mellow as Longfellow,  
But it's poetry.***

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow.  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.  
It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day,  
It followed her to school one day,

**And a big black dog fucked it!**

**Mary had a little sheep,  
And with the sheep she went to sleep,  
The sheep turned out to be a ram,  
And Mary had a little lamb.**

**When Mary had a little lamb,  
The doctor was surprised.  
But when Old MacDonald had a farm,  
The doctor nearly died.**

**Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow.  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.  
The price of meat arose too high,  
Which really didn't please her.  
Tonight she's having leg of lamb,  
The rest is in the freezer.**

**Mary had a little lamb,  
She tied it to a pylon.  
10,000 volts went up its ass,  
And turned its wool to nylon.**

**Mary had a little lamb,  
She kept in her yard.  
Every time she took her panties off,  
His little wooly dick got hard.**

**Mary had a little lamb,  
The doctors were astounded.  
Everywhere that Mary went,  
Gynecologists surrounded.**

**Mary had a little lamb,  
She couldn't stop it crying;  
So she kicked it in the ass one day,  
And sent it fucking flying.**

**Mary had a little lamb,  
Forever it was gluing.  
Making models of its friends,  
In strange positions, screwing.**

Mary had a little lamb,  
With carrots and with peas.  
A little mint sauce on the top,  
And stuffing in its knees.

Mary had a little lamb,  
She liked to stroke its head.  
Until one day she found her husband  
Fucking it in her bed.

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow.  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb didn't, because Mary was cunt.

Mary had a little lamb,  
A giraffe and zebra too,  
By the time she'd finished,  
She'd fucked the whole damn zoo.

Mary had a little lamb  
And now I've had enough  
Of this stupid girl called Mary  
And her wooly bit of muff.

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in the corner,  
Fingering his sister Mary.  
He stuck in his thumb,  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said, "Ain't it supposed to be a cherry?"

Little Miss Muffet,  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey.  
Along came a spider,  
Who sat down beside her,  
And said, "Yo, what's in the bowl, bitch?"

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone.  
But when old Mother bent over,  
Rover he drove her, 'cause

**He had a bone of his own.**

**Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor daughter a dress.  
When she got there the cupboard was bare,  
And so was her daughter, I guess.**

**There once was an old lady,  
Who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many kids that her  
Cunt could stretch over a trash can.**

**Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water,  
Jill came down with half a crown,  
But not for fetching water.**

**Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
On an elephant.  
Jill got down and helped  
Jack off the elephant.**

**Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
For just an itty bitty.  
Jill's now two months overdue,  
And Jack has left the city.**

**Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water.  
Silly Jill forgot the pill,  
And now they have a daughter.**

**Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To have a little fun.  
Stupid Jill! Forgot that pill!  
So now they have a son.**

**Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
With a keg of brandy.  
Jack got stewed, Jill got screwed,  
Now it's Jack, Jill and Andy**

**Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To smoke a little leaf.**

Jack got high, pulled down his fly,  
And Jill said, "Where's the beef!"

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
And planned to do some kissing.  
Jack made a pass, and grabbed her ass  
And now two of his front teeth are missing.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
Both carrying a bucket.  
When Jill bent down, her ass was round,  
And Jack decided to fuck it.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
For a bit of hanky panky.  
Jill came back with a very sore crack,  
Jack must have been a Yankee

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
Each with a buck and a quarter.  
Jill came down with two-fifty,  
The fuckin' whore!

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,  
Had one fucking big omelette.

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,  
Jack jumped over the candlestick,  
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,  
Jackie burned off his fucking dick.

Jack was nimble, Jack was quick,  
But Jill preferred the candlestick!

Little Willie, full of glee,  
Put radium in grandma's tea.  
Now he thinks it quite a lark,  
To see her shining in the dark.

Little Willie, brand new skates.  
Hole in ice, pearly gates.

The birds may kiss the bees goodbye,

The buttercup, the butterfly.  
The morning dew may kiss the grass,  
And you, my friend, may kiss my ass.

Oh give me a home,  
Where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play.  
Where seldom is heard,  
A discouraging word,  
'Cause deer and antelope can't fucking talk!

Rub-a-dub dub, three men in a tub...  
Butt-fucking!

Roses are red,  
Violets are for plucking.  
Girls out of high school,  
Are ready for college.

**A PRAYER**

(Tune: Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin)

*(Spoken)*

*Leader: And now, gentlemen, a prayer. A prayer for the constipated!*

*Pack: SHIT!*

*Leader: A prayer for the frustrated!*

*Pack: FUCK!*

*Leader: A prayer for the dehydrated!*

*Pack: BEER!*

*Leader: A prayer for the emasculated!*

*Pack: BALLS!*

Balls to Mr. Benglestein, Benglestein, Benglestein,  
Balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.

He sits on the steeple and shits on the people,  
So balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.

He keeps us all waiting while he's masturbating,  
So balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.

He ups and he downs them, he fucking well grinds them,  
So balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.

### ***THE PUB WITH NO BEER***

**It's lonesome away from your kindred and all  
By the camp fire at night where the wild dingoes call,  
But there's nothing so lonesome so morbid or drear  
Than to stand in a bar of a pub with no beer.**

**Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come  
There's a far away look on the face of the bum  
The maid's gone all cranky and the cook's acting queer  
What a terrible place is a pub with no beer.**

**Then the stock-man rides up with his dry dusty throat  
He breasts up to the bar, pulls a wat from his coat,  
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer,  
When the bar man said sadly the pub's got no beer.**

**There's a dog on the 'randa-h for his master he waits  
But the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates  
He hurries for cover and cringes in fear  
It's no place for a dog round a pub with no beer.**

**Old Billy the blacksmith first time in his life  
Has gone home cold sober to his darling wife,  
He walks in the kitchen, she says you're early me dear,  
But he breaks down and tells her the pub's got no beer.**

### ***THE PUSHIN' SONG***

**Was it you who did the pushin'  
Left the stains upon the cushion  
Footprints on the dashboard upside-down  
(Oh upside-down!)  
Was it you, you sly woodpeckah  
Got inside my girl Rebecca  
If it was, you better leave this town!**

**(The reply): It was I that did the pushin'  
Left the stains upon the cushion  
Footprints on the dashboard upside-down  
(Oh upside-down!)  
Ever since I had your daughter  
I've had trouble passing water**



Guess we'll call it evens all around.

***THE RECRUITING SERGEANT***

As I was walking down the road  
Feeling fine and larky oh  
A recruiting Sergeant came up to me  
Says he you'd look fine in khaki oh  
For the King he is in need of men  
Come read this proclamation oh  
A life in Flanders for you then  
Would be a fine vacation now

That may be so says I to him  
But tell me sergent Dearie-oh  
If I had a pack stuck upon me back  
Would I look fine and cheerie oh  
For they'd have you train and drill until  
They had you one of Frenchies oh  
It maybe warm in Flanders  
But it's draughty in the trenches oh

The Sergeant smiled and winked his eye  
His smile was most provoking oh  
He twiddled and twirled his wee moustache  
Says he I know your only joking oh  
For the sandbags are so warm and high  
The wind you won't feel blowing oh  
Well I winked at a colleen passing by  
Says I what if it's snowing oh

Come rain or hail or wind or snow  
I'm not going out to Flanders oh  
There's fighting in Dublin to be done  
Let your Sergeants and Commanders go  
Let Englishmen fight English wars  
It's nearly time they started oh  
I salute the Sergeant a very good night  
And there and then we parted oh

***RED RIVER VALLEY (Vietnam version)***

To the Red River Valley we are going,

For to get us some trains and some trucks.  
But if I had my say so about it,  
I'd still be at home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing,  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.  
To the Red River Valley we're going,  
And I'm flying four in Flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather,  
And they said it was clear as could be.  
I lost my wingman 'round the field,  
And the rest augered in out at sea.

Intel said there's no flak where we're going,  
Intel said there's no flak on the way.  
There's a dark overcast o'er the target,  
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

To the valley they say we are going,  
And many strange sights will we see.  
But the one there that held my attention,  
Was the SAM that they threw up at me.

To the valley he said he was flying,  
And he never saw the medal that he earned.  
Many jocks have flown into the valley,  
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission,  
Tonight at the bar Teak Flight will sing.  
But we're going to the Red River Valley,  
And today you are flying my wing.

Oh, the flak is so thick in the valley,  
That the MiGs and the SAMs we don't need.  
So fly high and down-sun in the valley,  
And guard well the ass of Teak Lead.

Now things turn to shit in the valley,  
And the briefing I gave, you don't heed.  
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton,  
And it's fish heads and rice for Teak Lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,

In the States it had always been fun.  
But with thunder and lightning all around us,  
Twas the last AAR for Teak One.

When he came to a bridge in the valley,  
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun.  
For the first to roll in on the target,  
Was my leader, old Teak Number One.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target,  
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead.  
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,  
Twas fatal for another Teak Lead.

So come sit by my side at the briefing,  
We will sit there and tickle the beads.  
For we're going to the Red River Valley,  
And my call sign for today is Teak Lead.

***THE RESTROOM DOOR SAID "GENTLEMEN"***

(Tune: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen)

The restroom door said "Gentlemen" so I just walked inside,  
I took two steps and realized I'd been taken for a ride.  
I heard high voices, turned and found the place was occupied  
By three nuns, two old ladies and a nurse.  
What could be worse,  
Than three nuns, two old ladies and a nurse?

The restroom door said "Gentlemen," it must have been a gag.  
As soon as I did walk therein, I bumped on some old hag.  
She sprayed me with a can of Mace and hit me with her bag.  
It just wasn't cut out to be my day.  
What can I say?  
It just wasn't cut out to be my day!

The restroom door said "Gentlemen" and I would like to find,  
The crummy little creep who had the nerve to switch the sign.  
'Cause I've got two black eyes and one high heel up my behind.  
Never more will I sit in comfort or joy.  
Boy oh boy!  
Never more will I sit in comfort or joy.

### ***RHODE ISLAND RED***

(Tune: Itself)

Has anybody seen my cock,  
My big Rhode Island Red?  
He's mostly pink, with a little bit of blue,  
And he's purple on his head (Gor Blimey).  
He stands straight up in the morning,  
And he gives me wife a shock,  
Has anybody seen, anybody seen,  
Anybody, anybody seen my cock?

He's a right big-headed little upstart,  
The best you've ever seen.  
He could have got gonorrhea,  
Instead he got gangrene.  
He should have worn a condom,  
But the silly sod forgot,  
Has anybody seen, has anybody seen,  
Has anybody seen my cock?

### ***THE RING-DANG-DOO***

*Chorus:*

*The ring-dang-doo, pray what is that?  
It's furry and soft, like a pussycat,  
It's got a crack down the middle,  
And a hole right through,  
That's what they call the ringadangdoo.*

I once knew a girl, her name was Jean,  
The sweetest girl I'd ever seen,  
She loved a boy who was straight and true,  
Who longed to play on her ring-dang-doo.

So she took him to her father's house,  
And crept inside as quiet as a mouse,  
And they shut the door and the window too,  
And he played all night on her ring-dang-doo.

The very next day her father said,  
"You've gone and lost your maidenhead!  
You can pack your bag and suitcase too,  
And bugger off with your ring-dang-doo."

So she went to town and became a whore,  
And hung a red light outside her door,  
And one by one and two by two,  
They came to play on her ring-dang-doo.

There came to that town a son of a bitch,  
Who had the pox and the seven-year itch,  
He had gonorrhea and syphilis too  
So that was the end of her ring-dang-doo.

### ***ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER***

(Take turns leading verses)  
Well, this is number one,  
And the fun has just begun,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

*Chorus: Roll me over in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.*

Well, this is number two,  
And my hand is on her shoe, etc

Well, this is number three,  
And my hand is on her knee, etc

Well, this is number four,  
And we're rolling on the floor, etc

Well, this is number five,  
And the bee is in the hive, etc

Well, this is number six,  
And she says she likes my tricks, etc

Well, this is number seven,  
And we're in our seventh heaven, etc

Well, this is number eight,  
And the nurse is at the gate, etc

Well, this is number nine,  
And the twins are doing fine, etc

Well, this is number ten,  
And we're at it once again, etc

Well, this is number eleven,  
And we start again from seven, etc

Well, this is number twelve,  
And she said, "You kan jag isalv," etc

Well, this is number twenty,  
And she said that that was plenty, etc

Well, this is number thirty,  
And she said that that was dirty, etc

Well, this is number forty,  
And she said, "Now you are naughty," etc

***ROLL YOUR LEG OVER***

(Tune: Oh, Sally, My Dear)

If all the young girls were like fish in the ocean,  
I'd be a whale and I'd show them the motion.

***Chorus:***

*Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,  
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.*

If all the young girls were like fish in a pool,  
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool.

If all the young girls were like fish in the brookie,  
I'd be a trout and I'd get me some nookie.

If all the young girls were like winds on the sea,  
I'd be a mainsail and let them blow me.

If all the young girls were like cows in the pasture,  
I'd be a bull and I'd fill them with rapture.

If all the young girls were like mares in the stable,  
I'd be a stallion and show them I'm able.

If all the young girls were like bricks in a pile,  
I'd be a mason and lay them in style.

If all the young girls were like bells in a tower,  
I'd be a clapper and bang them each hour.

If all the young girls were like telephone poles,  
I'd be a squirrel and stuff nuts in their holes.

If all the young girls were like gals down in Sydney,  
I ain't got much left but I've still got one kidney.

If all the young girls were like B-29s,  
I'd be a jet fighter and buzz their behinds.

If all the young girls were like coals in a stoker,  
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker.

If all the young girls were like statues of Venus,  
And I were equipped with a petrified penis.

If all the young girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee,  
I'd be a G-string; oh boy, what I'd see.

If all the young girls were like sheep in the clover,  
I'd be a ram and I'd ram them all over.

If all the young girls were like pancakes in Texas,  
I'd be a Texan and eat them for breakfast.

If all the young girls were like grapes on the vine,  
I'd be a plucker and have me a time.

If all the young girls were singing this song,  
It'd be twice as dirty and five times as long.

If all the young girls were like trees in the forest,  
I'd be a woodsman and climb their clitoris.

If all the young girls were like little white flowers  
I'd be a bee and I'd suck them for hours.

If all the young girls were like linear spaces,  
And I were a vector, I'd aim for their bases.

**If all the young girls wore dresses with patches,  
I'd tear off their patches to get at their snatches.**

**If all the young girls were vessels of clay  
I'd be a potter and make them all day.**

***THE S&M MAN***

**(Tune: The Candy Man)**

**Who takes jumper cables,  
Attaches 'em to her tits,  
Connects them to a Mack truck and has orgasmic fits?**

**Chorus: The S&M Man,  
The S&M Man  
The S&M Man, 'cause he mixes it with love,  
And makes the hurt feel good (the hurt feel good).**

**Who can take two ice-picks  
shove 'em in her ears  
Ride her like a Harley while he fucks her in the rear?  
The S&M Man...**

**Who can take a bicycle  
Rip off the seat  
Put on his grandma, and shove her down a bumpy street?  
The S&M Man...**

**Who sleeps on barbed wire,  
Tossing left and right,  
Just to see how many stitches he can earn each night?  
The S&M Man...**

**Who rubs down with honey,  
Just to have a chance  
To lay out on the lawn and be a picnic for the ants?  
The S&M Man...**

**Who ties down his sweetie,  
Each and every day,  
Covers her with rats and lets the kitties in to play?  
The S&M Man...**

**Who can take a razor,**



**And no shaving cream,  
Scrape her pussy bald while he listens to her scream?  
The S&M Man...**

**Who can take a bottle,  
Shove it up your ass,  
Hit it with a hammer, and line your ass with glass?  
The S&M Man...**

**Who can take your scrotum,  
Stick it with a pin,  
Hang a bunch of weights until it hangs down to your shins?  
The S&M Man...**

**Who could take a condom,  
Put pepper in the ring,  
Use it on the girl, because she twitches when it stings?  
The S&M Man...**

**Who can take a pregnant woman,  
Lay her on the bed,  
Fuck her in the pussy while the fetus gives him head,  
The S&M Man...**

**Who can take a vice clamp,  
Tight upon a tit,  
Squeeze the sucker down until it pops just like a zit?  
The S&M man...**

**Who can take a cheese grater,  
Strap it to his arm,  
Fist fuck the bitch, and make Vagina Parmesan?  
The S&M Man...**

**Who can take a baby,  
Lay it on a bed,  
Turn the bugger over, fuck the soft spot in its head?  
The S&M Man...**

**Who can go to an abortion clinic,  
Sneak around the back,  
Root through all the dumpsters looking for a tasty snack?  
The S&M Man...**

*SALLY IN THE ALLEY*

Sally in the alley, sifting cinders  
Lifts up her leg and farts like a man  
The wind from her bloomers blew six windows  
Cheeks of her ass went BAM BAM BAM

*SAM HALL*

Ah me name it is Sam Hall,  
Chimney sweep, chimney sweep,  
Ah me name it is Sam Hall,  
Chimney sweep.  
Ah me name it is Sam Hall,  
And I've robbed both rich and small.  
And me neck will pay for all  
When I die, when I die,  
And me neck will pay for all  
When I die.

I've got twenty pounds in store,  
That's not all, that's not all,  
I've got twenty pounds in store,  
That's not all.  
I've got twenty pounds in store  
And I've robbed for twenty more.  
For the rich must help the poor,  
So must die, so must die,  
For the rich must help the poor,  
So must die.

Ah they brought me to Coote Hill  
In a cart, in a cart,  
Ah they brought me to Coote Hill  
In a cart.  
Ah they brought me to Coote Hill,  
And 'twas there I made my will,  
For the best of friends must part,  
So must I, so must I,  
For the best of friends must part,  
So must I.

Up the ladder I did grope,  
That's no joke, that's no joke,

Up the ladder I did grope,  
That's no joke.  
Up the ladder I did grope  
And the hangman pulled the rope,  
And it's ne'er a word I spoke,  
Tumbling down, tumbling down,  
And it's ne'er a word I spoke,  
Tumbling down.

### *SAMMY SMALL*

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small  
And I've only got one ball  
But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I shot him dead  
With a piece of fucking lead  
Now that silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing  
From a piece of fucking string  
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all

Oh, the parson he will come, fuck 'em all  
Oh, the parson he will come, fuck 'em all  
Oh, the parson he will come  
With his tales of kingdom come  
He can shove it up his bum, so fuck 'em all

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all  
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all  
Oh, the sheriff will be there too  
With his silly fucking crew  
They've got fuck all else to do, so fuck 'em all

Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all  
Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all  
Oh, the hangman wears a mask

For his silly fucking task  
He can shove it up his ass, so fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I greased the rope  
With a piece of fucking soap  
What a silly fuckin' joke, so fuck 'em all

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd  
And I felt so fucking proud  
That I shouted right out loud JUST FUCK 'EM ALL!

*SAMMY SMALL (Vietnam version)*

Oh, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we fly the Goddamn plane,  
Through the flak and through the rain,  
And tomorrow we'll do it again,  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, they tell us not to think,  
Just to dive and just to jink,  
LBJ's a Goddamn fink,  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh, we bombed Mu Gia Pass, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we bombed Mu Gia Pass, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we bombed Mu Gia Pass,  
Though we only made one pass,  
They really stuck it up our ass,  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, they sent the whole damn wing,  
Probably half of us will sing,  
What a silly fucking thing,  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we strafed Goddamn Hanoi,  
Killed every fucking girl and boy,  
What a Goddamn fucking joy,  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, my bird it did get shot,  
And I'll probably cry a lot,  
But I think that it's Shit Hot!  
So fuck 'em all.

### *SCOTLAND THE BRAVE*

Hark when the night is falling  
Hear! hear the pipes are calling,  
Loudly and proudly calling,  
Down thro' the glen.  
There where the hills are sleeping,  
Now feel the blood a-leaping,  
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.

*Chorus: Towering in gallant fame, Scotland my mountain hame,  
High may your proud standards gloriously wave,  
Land of my high endeavour,  
Land of the shining river, Land of my heart for ever,  
Scotland the brave.*

High in the misty Highlands,  
Out by the purple islands,  
Brave are the hearts that beat  
Beneath Scottish skies.  
Wild are the winds to meet you,  
Staunch are the friends that greet you,  
Kind as the love that shines from fair maiden's eyes.

Far off in sunlit places,  
Sad are the Scottish faces,  
Yearning to feel the Kiss  
Of sweet Scottish rain.  
Where tropic skies are beaming,

Love sets the heart a-dreaming,  
Longing and dreaming for the homeland again.

### *THE SCOTSMAN*

A Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening fair,  
And one could see by how he walked that he'd drunk more than his share,  
He wandered on until he could no longer keep his feet,  
Then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

*Ring dem diddle iddle aye, hey,  
Ring dem diddley aye oh,  
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.*

Now about that time two young and lovely lassies wandered by,  
And one says to the other with a twinkle in her eye,  
"See yon sleeping Scotsman, so strong and handsome built,  
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt?"

*Ring dem diddle iddle aye, hey,  
Ring dem diddley aye oh,  
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt?*

So they crept up on the sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be,  
Then lifted up his kilt about a yard so they could see,  
And lo, behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt,  
There was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

*Ring dem diddle iddle aye, hey,  
Ring dem diddley aye oh,  
There was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth.*

So they marveled for a moment, then one said "We'd best be gone,  
But let's leave a something before we move along."  
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow,  
Around the bonnie spar the Scotman's kilt did lifted show.

*Ring dem diddle iddle aye, hey,  
Ring dem diddley aye oh,  
Around the bonnie spar the Scotman's kilt did lifted show.*

So the Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled for the trees,  
Behind a bush, he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees,  
Then in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes,  
"Oh lad, I don't know where you've been, but I see you won first prize!"

*Ring dem diddle iddle aye, hey,  
Ring dem diddley aye oh,  
"Lad I don't know where you've been, but I see you won first prize."*

**THE SCOTTISH WEDDING SONG**  
*(The Ball of Kirriemuir)*

'Twas on the first of August the party, it began.  
Now, never shall I forget, me lads, the gatherin' of the clans

*Chorus:*  
*Singing, "Balls to your partner, ass against the wall.*  
*If you can't get laid on a Saturday night, you'll never get laid at all."*

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,  
and when the ball was over there were four and twenty less.

'Twas the ball of Kirriemuir, me lads, and everyone was there  
A-playin' with the lassies an' twinin' curly hair.

The bride was in the bedroom, explainin' to the groom  
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

The groom was in the bedroom, explainin' to the bride,  
The penis, not the scrotum, is the part that goes inside.

Four and twenty prostitutes came up from Glockamore,  
And when the ball was over they were all of them double bore.

There was fuckin' in the meadows, there was fuckin' in the ricks,  
You couldn't hear the bagpipes for the pounding of the pricks.

Mr. MacFudge the parson, he went among the women,  
He took poor Nellie on his knee, and filled her full o' semen.

Poor wee Nellie she found out, to her great consternation,  
By some strange means or other, she increased his congregation.

The parson's daughter, she was there, a sittin' way down front  
A wreath of roses in her hair and a carrot up her cunt.

The parson's wife, she was there, her arse against the wall,  
Shoutin' to the laddie boys, "I'll take ye one an' all."

The minister's scivvy, she was there, she was all dressed in blue,  
They tied her to the barn door, an' bulled her like a coo.

It's the first lady forward, and the second lady back  
And the third lady's finger in the fourth lady's crack.

The village pervert, he was there, and on the floor he sat  
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching it on his hat.

The undertaker came to call, dressed in a lime black shroud  
Swinging on the chandelier and pissing on the crowd.

The mayor's daughter, she was there, and kept the crowd in fits  
By jumpin' off the mantle piece and landin' on her tits.

They were banging on the bannister, screwing on the stairs  
Ye couldn't see the carpet for the mess o' pubic hairs.

The village idiot, he was there, he was a perfect fool.  
He sat beneath the oak tree and whittled off his tool.

The village postman, he was there, the poor man had the pox  
No lassie would go near him, so he fucked the letter box.

The chimney sweeper, he was there, we had to put him out,  
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot.

The groom by now was excited an' racin' through the halls  
He was pullin' on his pecker an' showin off his balls.

The doctor's wife, oh, she was there, she wasn't very weel,  
For she had to make her water, in the midst of ev'ry reel.

The butcher's wife, oh, she was there, she also wasn't weel,  
For she had to go and piddle, after ev'ry little feel.

There was fuckin' in the courtyard, fuckin' in the halls,  
You couldn't hear the music, for the janglin' of the balls.

They was bangin' on the bannister, screwing on the stairs,  
And when the railing broke, they were mating in mid-air.

The minister's daughter she was there, all draped up to the front,  
With roses round her cute wee arse, but thistles up her cunt.



Four an' twenty dairymaids, lyin' out all bare,  
You couldn't see the daisies, for the cunts an' curly hair.

The farmer's son, oh, he was there, an' he was in the byre,  
Introduc'in' masturbation, with an Indian rubber tire.

The village bobby he was here, he'd put on fancy socks,  
He fucked a lassie forty times, an' found she had the pox.

The auld schoolteacher she was there, she didn't bring her stick,  
She wasn't much to look at, but she sure could take the prick.

The village cripple he was there, he wasn't up to much,  
He lined 'em up against the wall and shagged 'em with his crutch.

The King was in the counting house, a-countin' out his wealth,  
The Queen was in the parlour, a-diddlin' with herself.

The Queen was in the parlour, a-eating bread and honey,  
The King was in the chambermaid, an' she was in the money.

The King's magician, he was there, playing his favourite trick,  
He pulled his foreskin over his head, and vanished up his prick.

The barrister's daughter she was there, the cunning little runt,  
With poison ivy up her bum, and thistle up her cunt.

The village plumber he was there, he felt an awful fool,  
He'd come eleven leagues or more and forgot to bring his tool.

The village doctor he was there, sitting by the fire,  
Doing abortions by the score with a piece of red hot wire.

And in between abortions, he had his bag of tricks,  
And in between the dances he was sterilizing pricks.

There was fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats,  
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

The village trader, he was there, his pecker in his hand,  
Waiting for the moment when supply would meet demand.

The village blacksmith he was there, his balls were made of brass,  
And ev'ry time he tried to fuck, sparks flew out of his ass.

The blacksmith's brother he was there, a mighty man was he,  
He lined them up against the wall and buggered them three by three.

The blacksmith's father he was there, a-roaring like a lion,  
He'd cut his rod off in the forge, so he used a red-hot iron.

The blacksmith's son he was there, acting quite the fool,  
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool.

The village hooker she was there, laying on the floor,  
And every time she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

Expectant ladies, they were there, having lots of fun,  
And every time you ate one out, a hand would grab your tongue.

Little granny, she was there, sitting by the fire,  
Knitting prophylactics out of BF Goodrich tires.

Farmer Giles he was there, his sickle in his hand,  
And every time he swung around he circumcised the band.

Farmer Johnson, he was there, an' he just cursed an' spat  
For forty acres of his oats were fucked completely flat.

The village builder he was there, he brought his bag of tricks,  
He poured cement in all the holes, and blunted all the pricks.

Now little Tommy he was there, but he was only eight,  
He couldna root the women, so he had to masturbate.

The parson's wife was yet still there, swinging on the chandelier  
Spreading menstrual juices into everybody's beer.

An' when the ball was over, the ladies all confessed,  
They'd all enjoyed the dancin', but the fuckin' was the best.

**MANDATORY LAST VERSE:**

The beaming father of the bride was quite surprised to see  
Four and twenty maidenheads a-hangin' from the tree.

***SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS***

As I went home on Monday night,

As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a horse outside the door  
Where my old horse should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her:  
“Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that horse outside the door,  
Where my old horse should be.”  
*Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk, you silly old fool,  
And still you cannot see,  
That’s a lovely sow that  
My mother sent to me.”*  
*Well, it’s many a day I’ve travelled  
A hundred miles or more,  
But a saddle on a sow, sure I never saw before.*

As I went home on Tuesday night,  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a coat behind the door  
Where my old coat should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her:  
“Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that coat behind the door,  
Where my old coat should be.”  
*Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk, you silly old fool,  
And still you cannot see,  
That’s a woolen blanket that  
My mother sent to me.”*  
*Well, it’s many a day I’ve travelled  
A hundred miles or more,  
But buttons on a blanket, sure I never saw before.*

As I went home on Wednesday night,  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a pipe upon the chair  
Where my old pipe should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her:  
“Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that pipe upon the chair,  
Where my old pipe should be.”  
*Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk, you silly old fool,  
And still you cannot see,  
That’s a lovely tin whistle that  
My mother sent to me.”*  
*Well, it’s many a day I’ve travelled  
A hundred miles or more,  
But tobacco in a tin whistle, sure I never saw before.*

As I went home on Thursday night,  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw two boots beside the bed  
Where my old boots should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her:  
“Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns those boots beside the bed  
Where my old boots should be.”  
*Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk, you silly old fool,  
And still you cannot see,  
They’re two lovely flower pots  
My mother sent to me.”*  
*Well, it’s many a day I’ve travelled  
A hundred miles or more,  
But laces on a flower pot I never saw before.*

As I went home on Friday night,  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a head upon the bed  
Where my old head should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her:  
“Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that head upon the bed,  
Where my old head should be.”  
*Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk, you silly old fool,  
And still you cannot see,  
That’s a baby boy that  
My mother sent to me.”*  
*Well, it’s many a day I’ve travelled  
A hundred miles or more,  
But a baby boy with his whiskers on I never saw before.*

As I went home on Saturday night,  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw two hands upon her breasts  
Where my old hands should be.  
I called to my wife and I said to her:  
“Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who’s hands are those upon your breasts  
Where my old hands should be.”  
*Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk, you silly old fool,  
And still you cannot see,  
That’s a lovely brassiere that  
My mother sent to me.”*  
*Well, it’s many a day I’ve travelled*

*A hundred miles or more,  
But a watch and rings on a bra, sure I never saw before.*

As I went home on Sunday night,  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a cock inside my wife  
Where my old cock should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her:  
“Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who’s cock is that inside your twat,  
Where my old cock should be?”  
*Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk, you silly old fool,  
And still you cannot see,  
That’s a super absorbant tampon that  
My mother sent to me.”*  
Well, it’s many a day I’ve travelled  
*A hundred miles or more,  
But testicles on a tampon, sure I never saw before.*

### **SEVEN OLD LADIES**

(Tune: Oh My, What Can the Matter Be?)

*Chorus: Oh dear, what can the matter be?  
Seven old ladies locked in the lavat'ry,  
They were there from Sunday to Saturd'y,  
Nobody knew they were there.*

They said they were going to have tea with the Vicar,  
They went in together, they thought it was quicker,  
But the lavat'ry door was a bit of a sticker,  
And the Vicar had tea all alone.

The first was the wife of a deacon in Dover,  
And thought she was known as a bit of a rover,  
She liked it so much she thought she'd stay over,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Bickle,  
She found herself in a desperate pickle,  
Shut in a pay booth, she hadn't a nickel,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter,  
She went in to pass some superfluous water,  
She pulled on the chain and the rising tide caught her,

And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Abigale Humphrey,  
Who settled inside to make herself comfy,  
And then she found out she could not get her bum free,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Elizabeth Spender,  
Who was doing all right till a vagrant suspender,  
Got all twisted up in her feminine gender,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The last was a lady named Jennifer Trim,  
She only sat down on a personal whim,  
But she somehow got pinched 'twixt the cup and the brim,  
And nobody knew she was there.

But another old lady was Mrs. McBligh,  
Went in with a bottle of booze on the sly,  
She jumped on the seat and fell in with a cry,  
And nobody knew she was there.

### *THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL*

The sexual life of the camel,  
Is stranger than anyone thinks,  
At the height of the mating season  
He tries to bugger the Sphinx.  
But the Sphinx's posterior sphincter  
Is clogged by the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

#### *Chorus:*

*Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,  
Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.  
Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,  
Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.*

In the process of civilization,  
From the anthropoid ape down to man,  
It is generally held that the Navy  
Has buggered whatever it can,  
Yet recent extensive researches

By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,  
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog  
Has never been buggered at all.

We therefore believe our conclusion  
Is incontrovertibly shown,  
That comparative safety on shipboard  
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.  
Why haven't they done it at Spithead,  
As they've done it at Harvard and Yale,  
And also at Oxford and Cambridge,  
By shaving the spines off its tail?

It was Christmas Eve in the harem,  
The eunuchs were all standing there,  
While dozens of dusky young maidens,  
Sat combing their pubic hair.  
And then came along Father Christmas,  
Striding down the marble halls,  
When he asked what they wanted for Christmas,  
The eunuchs all answered, "Our balls!"

### *SHE'LL BE RIGHT*

When you're hunting in the mountains and your dog's put up a chase,  
And a porker's coming at you and he doesn't like your face,  
And you're running and he's running and he's pounding on the pace,  
Well, don't worry mate, she'll be right.  
*She'll be right, mate, she'll be right.*  
*Don't worry, mate, she'll be right.*  
*You can get your feed of pork when he slows down to a walk,*  
*So don't worry, mate, she'll be right.*

When you're logging in the ranges and you're riding down the bluff,  
With forty feet of timber riding right behind your chuff,  
Your clutch has started slipping and your brakes are worse than rough,  
Well, don't worry mate, she'll be right.  
*She'll be right, mate, she'll be right.*  
*Don't worry, mate, she'll be right.*  
*Just give her all you can give her, and she'll fly into the river,*  
*So don't worry, mate, she'll be right.*

When they've finished off your forwards, and your backs are wearing thin,  
The second half's near over and you've forty points to win,

And a hulking wing three quarter's got his teeth stuck in your shin,  
Well, don't worry mate, she'll be right.  
*She'll be right, mate, she'll be right.*  
*Don't worry, mate, she'll be right.*  
*You won't worry who'se the loser when you meet them down the boozier,*  
*So don't worry, mate, she'll be right.*

When you're boiling up the copper and you're brewing up the hops  
You've made a hundred dozen and you've hammered down the tops,  
The misses comes and asks you where you've put your footy socks,  
Well, don't worry mate, she'll be right.  
*She'll be right, mate, she'll be right.*  
*Don't worry, mate, she'll be right.*  
*Shove a shot of metho in, and you'll swear you're drinking gin,*  
*So don't worry, mate, she'll be right.*

#### ***SIT ON MY FACE***

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me  
I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you too  
I love to hear you o-ra-lise  
When I'm between your thighs  
You blow me away.  
Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you  
I'll sit on your face and then I'll love you truly  
Life can be fine if we both sixty nine  
If we sit on our faces  
In all sorts of places  
And play till we're blown away.

#### ***SOME DIE OF DRINKING WATER***

(Tune: British Grenadier)

Some die of drinking water,  
And some of drinking beer,  
Some die of constipation,  
And some of diarrhea.  
But of all the world's diseases,  
There's none that can compare,  
With the drip, drip, drip of the syphilitic prick  
Of a British Grenadier.

When he goes forth in battle,



His weapon in his hand,  
The lasses fall like cattle,  
There's none can make a stand.  
But when the campaign's over,  
It's then he feels so queer,  
With the drip, drip, drip of the syphilitic prick  
Of a British Grenadier.

And when he does retire,  
To take his well-earned rest,  
There burns an ancient fire,  
To do what he does best.  
And yet, the truth is bitter,  
There's one thing he does fear,  
It's the drip, drip, drip of the syphilitic prick  
Of a British Grenadier.

I like the girls who say they will,  
And I like the girls who won't.  
I hate the girls who say they will,  
And then they say they don't.  
But of all the girls I like the best,  
I may be wrong or right,  
Are the girls who say they never will,  
But look as though they might.

### *SON'S COMING HOME*

(Tune: the Camptown Races)

Son's coming home in a body bag, doo-dah, doo-dah,  
Son's coming home in a body bag, oh doo-dah-day

*Chorus: Mother-fucker's dead, never found his head  
Son's coming home in a body bag, oh doo-dah-day*

Got shot down by an SA-2, doo-dah, doo-dah,  
Got shot down by an SA-2, oh doo-dah-day

Tried to punch out way too late, doo-dah, doo-dah,  
Tried to punch out way too late, oh doo-dah-day

Now he's just a blob of goo, doo-dah, doo-dah,  
Now he's just a blob of goo, oh doo-dah-day

***STAND TO YOUR GLASSES***

Stand to your glasses steady  
This world is a world full of lies  
A toast to the dead already  
Hurrah for the next man to die

We stand 'neath resounding rafters  
The walls around us are bare  
They echo back our laughter  
It seems that the dead are still here

***STAND TO YOUR GLASSES (VIETNAM VERSION, A.K.A. "BOSOM BUDDIES")***

We fly in the purple twilight  
We fly in the silvery dawn,  
With smoke trails following after  
To show where our comrades have gone.  
So stand to your glasses ready  
Don't let a tear leave your eye  
Here's to the dead already  
And hurrah for the next man to die.

***Chorus:***

*We are the boys that they send out to fly,  
Bosom buddies a-boozi' are we.  
We are the boys that they send out to die,  
Bosom buddies a-boozi' are we.*

The fuck-heads at Seventh they scream and they shout,  
They scream about things they know fuck-all about

***SUPERCALLOUSFLAGELLISTICSEXPECTCUNNILINGUS***

(Tune: Supercallifragilisticxpecalidosious)

***Chorus:***

*Supercallousflagellisticsexpectcunnilingus,  
Queers like to take it up the bum from dildoes, dicks, or fingers,  
Lesbians like their tonguing slow to make the climax linger,  
But Supercallousflagellisticsexpectcunnilingus,  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye*

My fat Auntie Ethel was into suits of rubber,

Then she met the Michelin Man and took him as a lover,  
But they used a diesel tube for enemas on each other,  
The explosion rocked the city hall and covered it in blubber.  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

Uncle John likes whips and chains and ladies to disfigure,  
Auntie Kath liked to be tied and whipped with bamboo canes or wicker,  
She said, "Whip me, whip me, and make me writhe and slither,"  
He said, "No, I'll tickle you, that will make my dick get stiffer."  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

Uncle Cyril, we always knew, was into brown battery,  
He stuck a dildo up his boyfriend's bum with lots of beer and flattery,  
"Take it out and I'll give you dick," he said quite matter of factly,  
"Oh no, please don't take it out but kindly change the battery!"  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

Mary Jane looks like a man but on little girls she's keener,  
Thought she'd take a virgin home and try to get between her,  
The virgin said, "Oh no please sir, I don't know where it's been, sir,"  
Mary Jane said, "It's factory fresh," and introduced a wiener.  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

*SWEET MAD DOG WINE*  
(Tune: Sweet Caroline)

Where it began  
I can recall no longer  
but then I know its stronger still.  
Spewed in the can  
then raised another fist of  
fizzy, fermented twist-off swill.

*Young,  
freshly wrung,  
Cheap and strong,  
on my tongue,  
chug it in--*

*Sweet Mad Dog wine  
what goes down must come back up  
I'm drinking blind  
looking for a plastic cup,  
oh, fuck it*

**I'll drink it straight  
out of the bottle, too late  
to realize I've had too much  
Isn't it great  
I've lost my sense of reason  
and now I've lost my sense of touch**

*Warm,  
feeling warm,  
freezing cold,  
now I'm warm  
once again*

*Sweet Mad Dog wine  
good times shouldn't taste like wood  
I'm in a bind  
'cause I puked up all my food,  
oh, fuck, it*

*(repeat last)*

### ***SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT***

**Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.**

**I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
A band of angels, coming after me,  
Coming for to carry me home.**

### ***THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL***

**(Tune: If You Wanna Go to Heaven Clap Your Hands)**

**There are no fighter pilots down in hell,  
There are no fighter pilots down in hell,  
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,  
There are no fighter pilots down in hell.**

**There are no fighter pilots in the States,  
There are no fighter pilots in the States,**

They're off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores,  
There are no fighter pilots in the States.

There are no fighter pilots up in wing,  
There are no fighter pilots up in wing,  
The place is full of brass, sitting 'round on their fat ass,  
There are no fighter pilots up in wing.

A bomber pilot never takes a dare,  
A bomber pilot never takes a dare,  
The autopilot on, he's reading novels in the john,  
A bomber pilot never takes a dare.

There are no bomber pilots in the fray,  
There are no bomber pilots in the fray,  
They are all in USOs, wearing womens' fancy clothes,  
There are no bomber pilots in the fray.

It's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice,  
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice,  
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population,  
It's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice.

### ***THEY'RE MOVING FATHER'S GRAVE***

(Tune: I Wish I Were an Oscar-Meyer Weiner)

They're moving father's grave to build a sewer,  
They're moving it regardless of expense,  
They're moving his remains to lay down shithouse drains,  
To satisfy some nearby residents.

Now, what's the use of having a religion?  
For when you die your troubles never cease,  
When some high-society twit needs a pipeline for his shit,  
They won't let poor father rest in peace.

My father in his life was ne'er a quitter,  
I'm sure that he'll not be a quitter now,  
He'll put on a white sheet and haunt the shithouse seat,  
And he'll only let them shit when he'll allow.

Oh, won't there be some pains of constipation!  
And won't those shithouse bastards rant and rave!  
But they'll get what they deserve, for they had the bloody nerve,

To bugger up a British workman's grave.

**THOSE WERE THE DAYS**

Once there was a time we had it easy,  
when we were forgotten and content;  
then there came around a “real” mission,  
now our life is no-fly-zones and tents...

*Those were the days, my friend  
we thought they'd never end  
we'd drink our fill, until our livers rot;  
and though we'd sometimes fret  
about the Russian threat,  
we didn't care about the world a lot.*

Then one day Saddam Hussein made trouble,  
Bosnia got play on CNN;  
The UN flocked to us upon the double,  
what a change between the now and then--

*Those were the days, my friend  
we thought they'd never end  
we had the time to take a bit of leave;  
though now you laugh and smile,  
there was a time awhile,  
when rules and regs were easy to believe.*

One day I awoke to see the sad truth  
that we're caught forever in a rut;  
though we now may be upright and moral,  
still I miss the days we could be sluts.

*Those were the days my friend,  
through strip bars end-to-end  
we'd sing and dance, until our cash was gone;  
carousing like a fool  
when Tailhook sounded cool,  
they say we're wrong, but somehow we got along!*

**THREE JOLLY COACHMEN (Come landlord fill the flowing bowl)**

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,  
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,

And they decided,  
And they decided,  
And they decided,  
To have another flagon.

*Chorus:*

*Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over*  
*Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over*  
*For tonight we'll merry merry be,*  
*For tonight we'll merry merry be,*  
*For tonight we'll merry merry be,*  
*Tomorrow we'll be sober.*

Here's to the man drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober.  
Here's to the man drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober.  
Falls as the leaves do fall,  
Falls as the leaves do fall,  
Falls as the leaves do fall,  
He'll be dead by next October.

Here's to the man who drinks strong ale and goes to bed quite mellow.  
Here's to the man who drinks strong ale and goes to bed quite mellow.  
Lives as he ought to live,  
Lives as he ought to live,  
Lives as he ought to live,  
And dies a jolly good fellow.

Now here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother.  
Now here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother.  
She's a foolish, foolish thing,  
She's a foolish, foolish thing,  
She's a foolish, foolish thing,  
She'll never get another.

Now here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs back for another.  
Now here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs back for another.  
She's a boon to all mankind,  
She's a boon to all mankind,  
She's a boon to all mankind,  
She'll very soon be a mother.

*THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (Vietnam version)*

We were cruising over Hanoi, doin' four and fifty per,

When I called to my flight leader, "Oh, won't you save me, sir?  
The SAMs are hot and heavy, the MiGs are on our ass,  
Take us home, flight leader, please don't make another pass!"

*Chorus:*

*Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Throw a nickel on the grass,  
Save a fighter pilot's ass.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Throw a nickel on the grass,  
And you'll be saved.*

I rolled into my bomb run, trying to set the pipper right,  
When a SAM came off the launch pad, and headed for our flight.  
Then number two informed me, "Hey, four, you better break!"  
I racked that Goddamned plane so hard, it made the whole thing shake.

I started my recovery, it seemed that things would be all right,  
When I felt the damndest impact, saw a blinding flash of light.  
We held the stick with all our might, against the binding force,  
Then number two screamed out at us, "Hey, four, you've had the course!"

I screamed at my back seater, "We'd better punch on out,  
Eject! Eject! You stupid shit!" in panic I did shout.  
I didn't wait around to see if Joe had got the word,  
I reached between my legs and pulled, and took off like a bird.

As I descended in my chute, my thoughts were rather grim,  
Rather than be a prisoner, I'd fight them to the end.  
I hit the ground and staggered up, and looked around to see,  
And there in blazing neon, Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

Slowly: The moral of this story is, when you're in Package Six,  
You'd better Goddamn look around, or you'll be in my fix.  
I'm here at Hanoi Hilton, with luxury sublime,  
The only thing that's not so great I'll be here a long, long, long time.

#### *TRADITIONAL IRISH FOLK SONG*

They come over here and they take all our land  
They chop off our heads and they boil them in oil  
Our children are leaving and we have no heads  
We drink and we sing and we drink and we die



*We have no heads,  
No we have no heads*

**They come over here and they chop off our legs  
They cut off our hands and put nails in our eyes  
O'Grady is dead and O'Hanrahan's gone  
We drink and we die and continue to drink**

*O'Hanrahan  
No O'Hanrahan*

**They buried O'Neill down in country Shillhame  
The poor children crying and fe dee din de  
Hin fle di dinfle di din fle de din de  
In hey bibble bibble hey bibble bibble**

*O'Hanrahan  
No O'Hanrahan*

**We drink and we sing and we drink and we sing - Hey!  
We drink and we drive and we puke and we drink - Hey!  
We drink and we fight and we bleed and we cry - Hey!  
We puke and we smoke and we drink and we die - Hey!**

***WALKIN' 'ROUND IN WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR***  
(Tune: Winter Wonderland)

**Lacy things the wife is missin',  
Didn't ask her permission,  
I'm wearin' her clothes, and silk panty hose,  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.**

**In the store, there's a teddy  
Little straps, like spaghetti  
It holds me so tight, like handcuffs at night  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.**

***In the office there's a guy named Melvin,  
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown,  
He'll say are you ready, I'll say whoa man,  
Let's wait until the wife is out of town.***

**Later on, if you wanna,  
We can dress like Madonna,**

Put on some eye shade and join the parade  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.

### ***WALKING DOWN CANAL STREET***

Walking down Canal Street,  
Knocking on every door,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
Couldn't find a whore.

When I finally found a whore,  
She was tall and thin,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
Couldn't get it in.

When I finally got it in,  
I turned it all about,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
Couldn't get it out.

When I finally got it out,  
It was red and sore,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
You should never fuck a whore.

### ***WE FLY OUR FUCKING FIGHTERS***

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

We fly our fucking fighters at two hundred fucking feet  
We fly our fucking fighters through the rain and snow and sleet  
And though we thinking we're flying south we're flying fucking north  
And we haven't seen our wingman since the Firth of fucking Forth

#### ***Chorus:***

*Glory, glory what a helluva way to die*  
*Glory, glory what a helluva way to die*  
*Glory, glory what a helluva way to die*  
(Last line of previous verse)'

We fly our fucking fighters at one hundred fucking feet  
We fly our fucking fighters through the corn and rye and wheat  
And though we think we fly with skill, we fly with fucking luck

**But we don't really give a damn or care a flying fuck**

**We fly our fucking fighters at just fifty fucking feet  
We fly our fucking fighters and it's really fucking neat  
And though we think we're flying up, we're really flying down  
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground**

**We fly our fucking fighters at the speed of fucking heat  
We fly our fucking fighters and it's really quite a treat  
With burners fucking cookin' and the stick pulled fucking back  
There ain't a bloke among ya who can catch our fucking act**

### ***WHAT A WANK***

**(Tune: William Tell Overture)**

**What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,  
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,  
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,  
What a wank, what a wank, wank, wank.**

**What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank,  
wank, wank,  
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank wank.  
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,  
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,  
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,  
What a wank, what a wank, wank, wank . . .**

### ***WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR***

**What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
Early in the morning?**

***Chorus: Way, hey, and up she rises,  
Way, hey, and up she rises,  
Way, hey, and up she rises,  
Early in the morning.***

**Put him to bed with the captain's daughter (three times)  
Early in the morning.**

**Hang him by the balls in a running bowline  
Early in the morning.**

**Shave his crotch with a rusty razor  
Early in the morning.**

**Shove a hosepipe up his asshole  
Early in the morning.**

**Tie his prick in a double half-hitch  
Early in the morning.**

**Shave his nuts and half his eyebrows  
Early in the morning.**

**Pull his dick from the Captain's anus  
Early in the morning.**

**Put him in bed with Margaret Thatcher  
Early in the morning.**

**That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor  
Early in the morning.**

***WHEN LADY JANE BECAME A TART***  
(Tune: Those in Peril on the Sea)

**It fairly broke the family's heart,  
When Lady Jane became a tart,  
But blood is blood and race is race,  
And so to save the family face,  
They bought her an expensive flat,  
With "Welcome" written on the mat.**

**It was not long ere Lady Jane,  
Brought her patrician charms to fame,  
A clientele of sahibs pukka,  
Who regularly came to fuck 'er,  
And it was whispered without malice,  
She had a client from the Palace.**

**No one could nestle in her charms,  
Unless he wore ancestral arms,  
No one to her could gain an entry,**

Unless he were of the landed gentry,  
And so before sun had set,  
She'd worked her way through Sommerset.

When Lady Anne became a whore,  
It grieved the family even more,  
But they felt they couldn't do the same,  
As they had done for Lady Jane,  
So they bought her an exclusive beat,  
On the shady side of Jermyn Street.

When Lord St. Clancy became a nancy,  
It did not please the family's fancy,  
And so in order to protect him,  
They did inscribe upon his rectum,  
"All commoners must now drive steerage,  
This fucking hole is reserved for peerage."

#### *WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?*

Him... Him... Fuck him.  
Why was he born so beautiful?  
Why was he born at all?  
He's no fucking use to anyone.  
He's no fucking use at all.  
So drink you mother fucker,  
Drink you mother fucker  
Drink, Drink, Drink!  
Why are we waiting?  
Why are we waiting?  
He must be masturbating.  
Oh why, why, why?

#### *THE WILD COLONIAL BOY*

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name  
He was born and bred in Ireland in a place called Castlemaine  
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy  
And dearly did his parents love the Wild Colonial Boy

At the age of sixteen years he left his native home  
And through Australia's sunny clime he was inclined to roam  
He robbed the lordly squatters, their flocks he would destroy

**A terror to Australia was the Wild Colonial Boy**

**For two long years this darling youth ran on his wild career  
With a heart that knew no danger, and of justice did not fear  
He stuck the Beechworth coach up and he robbed judge McEvoy  
Who, trembling gave his gold up to the Wild Colonial Boy**

**He bade the judge "good morning" and he told him to beware  
For he never robbed an honest judge what acted on the square  
Yet you would rob a mother of her son and only joy  
And breed a race of outlaws like the Wild Colonial Boy**

**One morning on the prairie Wild Jack Duggan rode along  
While listening to the mocking birds singing a cheerful song  
Out jumped three troopers fierce and grim, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy  
They all set out to capture him, the Wild Colonial Boy**

**He fired point blank at Kelly and brought him to the ground  
He fired a shot at Davis too, who fell dead at the sound  
But a bullet pierced his brave young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy  
And that was how they captured the Wild Colonial Boy**

### ***THE WILD ROVER***

**I've played the wild rover for many a year  
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,  
And now I'm returning with gold in great store  
And I never will play the wild rover no more.**

*Chorus: And it's no, nay, never,  
No nay never no more,  
Will I play the wild rover  
No never, no more.*

**I went to an ale-house I used to frequent  
And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay  
Such custom as yours I could have any day."**

**I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.  
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best  
Sure the words that I spoke, they were only in jest."**

I went to my parents, confessed what I'd done  
And I asked them to pardon their prodigal son.  
They kissed me, caressed me, as oft times before  
And never will I play the wild rover no more.

### **WONDERFUL WORLD**

Don't know much about Bosnia  
Don't know much about Albania  
Don't know much about Kosovo  
Don't know what an ATM is for  
But I do know, my tour is through  
And I know when I escape this zoo  
What a wonderful world it will be

Don't know much about protocol  
Never cared about that crap at all  
All these forms begin to look the same  
And I still misspell the boss' name  
But I do know, I'm outta here  
So I'm gonna drink a keg of beer  
And what a wonderful world it will be.

*Now I don't claim to be a warfighter  
And I don't want to be  
'Cause maybe if I was a warfighter baby  
They'll expect results from me*

Don't know much about Union Flash  
Don't know how I seem to spend my cash  
Don't care much about formality  
Lost my grip upon reality  
But I do know, that life is fine  
When the Freedom Bird lifts off on time  
What a wonderful world it will be

Sha la la la la la...	<i>PfP</i>
Oooooooooohhhhhh...	<i>R.O.E.</i>
La la la la la laaaaaaa...	<i>Island Thunder</i>
Oooooooooohhhhhh...	<i>O'Grady's Blunder</i>

But I do know that I'm so short,  
you'll have to dig a hole to blow me, sport,  
and what a wonderful world it will be

***THE WRECK OF THE JOHN B***  
***(a.k.a. Sloop John B)***

**We come on the sloop John B  
My grandfather and me,  
'Round Nassau town we did roam.  
Drinking all night, got into a fight  
I feel so broke up, I want to go home**

***Chorus:***  
***So hoist up the John B's sail***  
***See how the mains'l's set,***  
***Send for the captain ashore,***  
***To let me go home***  
***Let me go home***  
***I want to me go home***  
***Well, I feel so broke up***  
***I want to go home***

**The first mate he got drunk,  
Broke up the people's trunk  
The constable had to come and take him away,  
Sheriff Johnstone, please let me alone  
I feel so broke up, I want to go home.**

**The poor cook he caught the fits  
And threw away all of my grits  
And then he went and ate up all of my corn.  
Let me go home,  
I want to go home,  
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home.**

**The stewardess she got stewed  
Ran 'round the poop deck nude  
Constable had to come and take her away  
Sheriff Johnstone please let me alone  
I feel so broke up, I want to go home.**

***VIRGIN STURGEON***  
***(Tune: Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking)***

***Chorus:***  
***Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,***



*The virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish,  
The virgin sturgeon needs no urging,  
That's why caviar is my dish.*

**I gave caviar to my girlfriend,  
She's a virgin through and through,  
Since I gave my girlfriend caviar,  
There ain't nothing she won't do.**

**I gave caviar to my bow-wow,  
All the other doggies looked agog,  
He had what those bitches needed,  
Wasn't he a lucky dog?**

**I gave caviar to my grandpa,  
Grandpa's age is ninety-three,  
Last time that I saw grandpa,  
He's chased grandma up a tree.**

**My father was a lighthouse keeper,  
He had caviar for his tea,  
He had three children by a mermaid,  
Two were kippers, one was me.**

### **WALTZING MATILDA**

**Once a jolly swagman sat beside the billabong,  
Under the shade of a coulindah tree,  
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.  
Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda,  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.  
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong,  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.**

**Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the Billabong,  
Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee,  
And he sang as he tucked the jumbuck in his tuckerbag,  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.  
Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda,  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.  
And he sang as he tucked the jumbuck in his tuckerbag,  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.**

Down came the stockman, riding his thoroughbred,  
Down came the troopers, one, two, and three,  
“Where’s the jolly jumbuck you’ve got in your tuckerbag?”  
You’ll come a-waltzing matilda with me.  
Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda,  
You’ll come a-waltzing matilda with me.  
“Where’s the jolly jumbuck you’ve got in your tuckerbag?”  
You’ll come a-waltzing matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman and plunged into billabong,  
“You’ll never catch me alive,” said he,  
And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the billabong,  
You’ll come a-waltzing matilda with me.  
Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda,  
You’ll come a-waltzing matilda with me.  
And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the billabong,  
You’ll come a-waltzing matilda with me.

**WAVES AND WAVES**  
(Tune: Both Sides Now)

Waves and waves of golden hair,  
Her lips so red, her skin so fair,  
Her breasts they were a perfect pair,  
They took my breath away.  
I courted her from week to week,  
I held her hand, I kissed her cheek,  
No other favors did I seek,  
Or try to get my way.

*Chorus:*  
*I’ve humped with her from both sides now,*  
*In and out, up and down,*  
*In all experience I do declare,*  
*I’ve never seen a tattoo there.*

She sat herself upon my knee,  
And turning round she said to me,  
“I’ve saved myself for you, you see,  
Until our wedding day,  
It’s only twice I’ve been untrue,  
The Royal Marines they did me screw,  
The Yankee navy laid me too,  
And had their ends away.”

I must admit I've played some tricks,  
What's one destroyer full of pricks?  
Royal Marines in their kits,  
Would surely lose their way,  
But like a cad, my chance did seize,  
I'd never been between her knees,  
And my pure angel just to please,  
Upon her back did lay.

Waves and waves of pubic hair,  
The cooties crawling everywhere,  
The flavored douches sprayed in there,  
It's strawberry today,  
And if you get inside her pants,  
Cave paintings in the south of France,  
The only way that I could chance,  
Describing what I saw.

Orangutans hang from her clit,  
A serpent's head peers from the slit,  
A dragon rampant on each tit,  
Each face a different way.  
To drop your head and taste the dew,  
Is like feeding time at London Zoo,  
I took some snake bite serum too,  
I'm not ashamed to say.

Now hordes and hordes of curious guys,  
Pay for the pleasure and surprise,  
Of gazing between my girlfriend's thighs,  
It's made me rich today.  
So pay me if you feel the need,  
No clap, no VD, guaranteed,  
Maybe some babies, I'll concede,  
Just form a queue--this way.

### *WE DON'T KNOW HOW LUKCY WE ARE*

I was speaking to a mate of mine  
Just the other day  
A guy called Bruce Bayliss actually,  
Who lives up our way  
He's been living in Europe

For a year, more a less,  
I said "How was Europe, Bruce?"  
He says, "Fred, it's a mess."

*Chorus:*

*We don't know how lucky we are, mate,  
We don't know how lucky we are.*

Me stock agent's got a beach place  
Where he spends most of his days;  
His wife bit the dust down there last year,  
Got eaten by a couple of crays,  
And his two littlest daughters  
Got killed by a whale.  
I said "Are you going down there this year, mate?"  
He says "Fred, right on the nail."

So if things are looking really bad  
You're thinking of givin' it away  
Remember New Zealand's a cracker  
And I reckon come what may  
If things get appallingly bad  
And we all get atrociously poor  
If we stand in the queue with our hats on  
We can borrow a few million more.

### ***WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND***

(Tune: As the Cassions Go Rolling Along)

You can tell by the stain that she's in a lot of pain  
When the end of the month rolls around.  
You can tell by her stance she's got cotton in her pants  
When the end of the month rolls around.

*Chorus:*

*For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry,  
Shout out your sizes loud and strong (Junior, Regular, Super-Duper, Bale of Hay!)  
For wherever you go, you will always know  
When the end of the month rolls around.*

You can tell by her walk that you'll sit around and talk  
When the end of the month rolls around.  
You can tell by the blotch that she's got a leaky crotch  
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her eyes that there's blood between her thighs  
When the end of the month rolls around.  
You can tell by her pout that her eggs are falling out  
When the end of the month rolls around.

### *WHISKEY IN THE JAR*

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry Mountains  
I met with Captain Farrell, and his money he was countin'.  
I first produced my, and then produced my rapier,  
Saying "Stand and deliver, for you are a bold deceiver."

*Chorus: Musha ring dumma do dumma da,  
Whack for the daddy ol,  
Whack for the daddy ol,  
There's whiskey in the jar.*

I counted out his money, it made a pretty penny,  
So I put it in my pocket, and I took it home to Jenny.  
She sighed and she swore that she never would betray me,  
The devil take those women, for they never can be easy.

I went into my chamber, for to take a slumber,  
I dreamt of golden jewels, and sure it was no wonder  
That Jenny drew my charges and she filled them full of water  
And sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

It was early in the morning, before I rose to travel,  
the guards were all around me, and likewise Captain Farrell.  
I then produced my pistol, she had stolen away my rapier,  
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

If anyone can save me, 'tis my brother in the army,  
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney.  
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving near Kilkenny,  
And sure he'd treat me better than me darling sportling Jenny.

### *THE WILD WEST SHOW*

*Chorus:  
We're off to see the Wild West Show,  
The elephant and the kangaroo-o-oo,*

*No matter what the weather, as long as we're together,  
We're off to see the Wild West Show.*

(Take turns leading verses)

**Leader:** Now here, ladies and gentlemen, in the first cage we have the laughing hyena.

**Pack:** The laughing hyena? Fantastic! Incredible! Tell us about the motherfucker!

**Leader:** This animal lives up in the mountains and once every year he comes down to eat. Once every two years he comes down to drink, and once every three years he comes down for sexual intercourse. What the hell he has to laugh about I don't know.

**The Giraffe--**This creature is the most popular animal in the animal kingdom. Why? Every time he goes into a bar he says, "Gentlemen, the high-balls are on me."

**The Famous Tattooed Lady--**On the inside of her left thigh she has tattooed MERRY CHRISTMAS, and on the inside of her right thigh she has tattooed HAPPY NEW YEAR, and she'd like to invite you to come up between the holidays!

**The Orangutan--**This animal lives in the deepest jungle, and his scrotal sac is so pliant and flexible that as he swings from branch to branch his balls go ORANG-U-TANG, ORANG-U-TANG.

**The Rhino-sauras--**This animal, ladies and gentlemen, is reputed to be the richest in the world. Its name is derived from the Latin "rhino" meaning money, and "sore ass" meaning piles; hence, piles of money.

**The Keerie Bird--**This bird lives only in the Antarctic, and every time it lands on the ice it says, "Keerie, Keerie, Keeriest, it's cold!"

**The Leo-pard--**Yes, folks, the leopard has one spot on its coat for every day of the year. What about leap year? Jim, lift up the leopard's tail and show the lady the 29th of February.

**The Winky Wanky Bird--**Folks, by some mystery of nature, the nerves of this bird's eyelids are connected to its scrotum. Every time it winks, it wanks, and every time it wanks, it winks. Hey you, boy, stop throwing sand in the bird's eye!

**The Mathematical Impossibility--**Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the girl you see before you in this cage was ate before she was seven!

**The Oozle Woozle Bird--**These birds fly in a line ahead formation, and at the first sign of danger, the last bird flies up the asshole of the bird in front, and so on up the line. The remaining bird then flies around in ever-decreasing circles, finally

disappearing up its own fundamental orifice, from which it proceeds to shower shit and derision in all directions.

**The Second Tattooed Lady--**On one leg she has tattooed FIRE, and on the other leg she had tattooed BRIMSTONE, and in between it looks like HELL!

**The Gay-zelle--**This pretty little four-footed animal you see on your right, ladies and gentlemen, wot has the peculiarity that every time it leaps from rock to rock it farts, and the scientists are still trying to determine whether it farts because it leaps or whether it leaps because it farts.

**The Well-Known Oolie-Goolie Bird--**This bird, wot as you will observe if you look carefullyt, has no legs, and is called what it is because when the male of the species comes in to land you can hear him cry, "Ooh, me goolies! Ooh, me goolies!"

**The French Pervertable--**This fine automobile is the last of it's kind, no longer for sale anywhere in the world. Notice the convertible top, the five-speed manual transmission, the automatic cruise control, and the dual halogen headlights. It seats two in the front and comfortably accomodates 69 in the back.

**The Tattooed Cowgirl--**The tattooed cowgirl has a tattoo of Roy Clark on her left thigh and a tattoo of Hank Williams on her right thigh . . . and who's that in the middle, Willy Nelson?

**The Antique Sales Lady--**The Antique Sales Lady sells only period furniture . . . everything has stains on it.

**The Circus Acrobat--**If you will but observe the Circus Acrobat's ass you will observe a tattooed M on one cheek and a corresponding M on the other. When he bends over he spells MOM. When he stands on his head he spells WOW. When he turns cartwheels, he spells WOW MOM WOW.

**The Female Mathematician--**This lady, folks, believes that this (hold fingers three inches apart) is twelve inches.

**The Famous Oooh-Aaah Bird--**The male of this species, ladies and gentlemen, resides at the North Pole while the female resides at the South Pole. At the appointed season the male Oooh-Aaah flies south from the North Pole and the female Oooh-Aaah flies north from the South Pole until they meet at the Equator, whereupon one can hear them call, "Oooooooooooh-Aaaaaaaaaah!"

**The Tri-Angular Iceberg--**A most uncommon iceberg, ladies and gentlemen, where on the first side you will see an Indonesian keeping a private school, and on the second side an American keeping a private school, while on the third side you will observe a polar bear sliding up and down, keeping his privates cool.

**The Homosexual Sparrow--This bird is so called, ladies and gentlemen, because sometimes he flies backwards for a lark.**

**The Infamous Fuccari Tribe--This tribe, as you will see, dear friends, is composed of small-statured people wot live in the middle of Africa, where the grass grows to an incredible height of 18 feet or more, and all day long the members of this tribe wander, calling, "Where the Fuccari? Where the Fuccari?"**

**The Fight Between the Snake and the Ostrich--(Please note that this one is limited only by the teller's imagination and the audience's patience. So far the Guinness Book of Records has refused to list the longest known version, but a respectable average would be around 15 minutes. What follows is a bare outline; embellish it as you will): In the left-hand corner, ladies and gentlemen, stands the ostrich (to be followed by a life history of the contestant, fight record, size of jock strap, etc.), while in the right-hand corner stands the snake (ditto). And there, ladies and gentlemen, goes the bell for round one (followed by a description of the fight--this round, and all subsequent rounds, should take at least three minutes of fast talking, and should all end in the same way with the snake diving into the ostrich's mouth, wriggling swiftly through the ostrich's digestive apparatus, and emerging from it's asshole. Because of this clever maneuver, each round goes to the snake, until the FINAL round, wherein the snake finally dives into the ostrich's mouth, swiftly wriggles through the ostrich's digestive apparatus, and is ABOUT to emerge from its asshole when the ostrich shoves its beak up its own asshole and says, "Now loop-the-loop, you bastard!").**

### ***YANKEE AIR PIRATE***

**I am a Yankee air pirate,  
With DTs and blood-shot eyeballs,  
My nerves are all run down from bombing downtown,  
From SAM breaks and bad bandit calls.**

***Chorus: A Yankee air pirate, a Yankee air pirate, a Yankee air pirate am I,  
A Yankee air pirate, a Yankee air pirate, if I don't get my hundred I'll die.***

**I've carried iron bombs on the outboards,  
Flown fast CAP for F-One-Oh-Thuds,  
I've sniveled a counter or two once or twice,  
And sweated my own rich red blood.**

**I've been downtown to both bridges,  
To that Nguyen, Dep, and Phuc Yen,  
And if you ask me, then I'm sure you can see,**



**There's no place up there I ain't been.**

***YANKEE DOODLE***

(Tune: I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy)

**I'm a Yankee Doodle dandy,  
Yankee Doodle do or die,  
A real live asshole from the USA,  
Drunk every Fourth of July.**

**Yank my doodle, it's a dandy,  
Yankee Doodle zip your fly,  
Yankee Doodle limped to London,  
Wanking off his pony,  
I am that Yankee Doodle guy.**

***YOGI BEAR SONG***

(Tune: Camptown Races }

*(Take turns leading verses)*

**There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi,  
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.**

*Chorus:*

***Yogi, Yogi Bear,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear,  
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.***

**Yogi has a little friend, Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo**

**Boo-Boo has a girlfriend, Cyndi, Cyndi**

**Yogi has a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi**

**Cyndi has a shaven snatch, Grizzly, Grizzly**

**Cyndi wears crotchless undies, Teddy, Teddy**

**Cyndi likes it on the ice, Polar, Polar**

**Cyndi gets what she deserves, Pregnant, Pregnant**

**Suzi's boyfriend has no teeth, Gummi, Gummi**

**Suzi's snatch it smells like cheese, Camel, Camel**

**Suzi gets four bits an hour, Jingle, Jingle**

**Cyndi's tampon has no string, Cotton, Cotton**

**Yogi didn't use a condom, Daddy, Daddy**

**Boo-Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala**

**Boo-Boo has a twelve-inch cock, Cindy's a lucky bear**

**Boo-Boo's only three feet tall, Yogi's a lucky bear**

**Boo-Boo likes it up the butt, Yogi's a lucky bear**

**Yogi didn't wipe his butt, Brown, Brown**

**Yogi got a case of crabs, Itchy, Itchy**

**Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool, Wanker, Wanker**

**Yogi also likes young boys, Poofter, Poofter**

### ***ZIPPIDY DO ME***

**Zippidy do me, zippidy hey,  
My oh my, what a marvellous lay,  
Show me your nipples, open your legs,  
Zippidy do me, zippidy hey!**

*There's a wet spot on the mattress,  
And the fact is not debatable--  
Everyone is fornicate-able.*

**Zippidy do me, zippidy hey,  
Oh, my God, what a marvellous lay!  
Gallon of jism coming your way,  
Wonderful feeling, fuck me today!**